



HUSTLER

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FOR PEOPLE ON THE GO

SEPTEMBER 1974 \$1.25

RAY (McDONALD) KROC
EXPLAINS HIS SUCCESS
CINCINNATI IS ONE HECK
OF A TOWN
GANGSTER FUNERALS:
BEST MONEY COULD BUY
SEX AS DIVINITY
WINES WORTH DRINKING
AMAZING LADIES
THAT MUST BE
SEEN TO BE BELIEVED
INTRODUCING BITS & PIECES

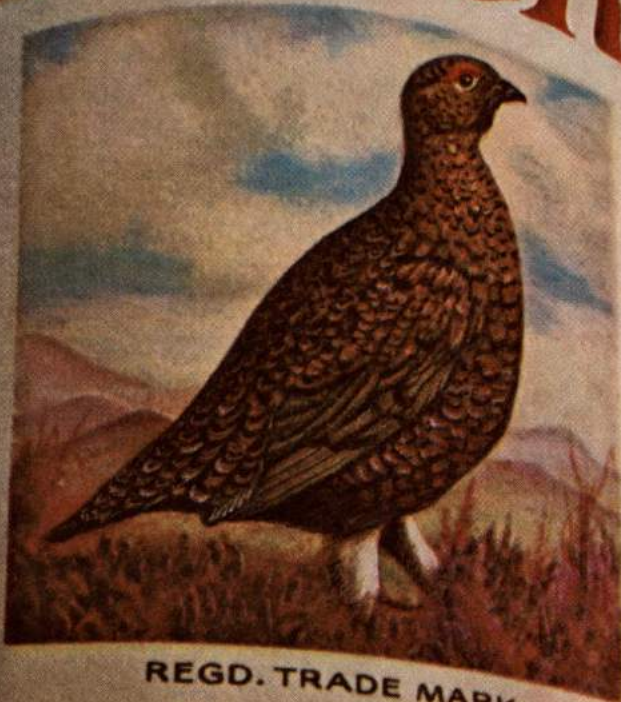
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Larry Flynt, our Publisher, gives you everything from pure reading pleasure to outstanding viewing entertainment and in the style and quality that you deserve.

PATRICK BUTLER

Patrick Butler, author of the article on "Gangster's Funderals," is an authority on the mob, among other subjects. He's completing books on medical quackery and political assassinations and has published in FATE, as well as elsewhere.

DON FICKAS

Don Fickas, our Art Director, pleases your eye and whets your appetite for more insight into our Beauties and he does this all "like a piece of cake!"

THANE MICHAEL GOWER

Thane Michael Gower, our Book Reviewer, tells us that he is a former common laborer who learned the language by reading the newspapers in which his wife wrapped his lunches. His subsequent mastery of the arts of prose and poetry prompted his one-time foreman to comment, "Holy Gee!"

ROGER JOHNSON

Roger Johnson, a photographer for over 9 years, displays his talents monthly through our photographic features.

KAREN PASCHKE

Karen Paschke, our new Associate Editor, joins the Columbus staff from Chicago where she had been writing and editing technical books and journals for various companies. She has been modeling for some time which has included a stint for Playboy.

TONY RICHARDS

Tony Richards, author of *The Divine Powers of Sex*, edits *Modern People* and has published in magazines here and abroad. He is writing a book on the psychic scene, with special emphasis on its relevance to sexuality.

ED WARD

Ed Ward, author of the piece on "Cincinnati", is a former associate editor of the *Rolling Stone* whose articles and reviews have appeared in OUI, PENTHOUSE and CREEM. His book for young readers on classical music will soon be published.

JEAN-CLAUDE MARTINELLI

Jean-Claude Martinelli, our Music Reviewer, moved to Lucerne, Switzerland, when he decided to catch a Keith Jarrett concert at Montreaux. Young Martinelli continues to observe the music scene from his listening post to Lucerne, making periodic returns to the States, especially to the Cafe Carlyle in New York.

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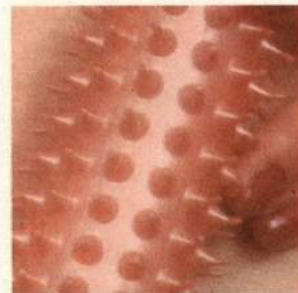
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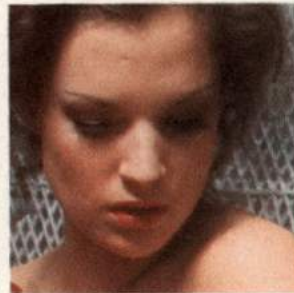
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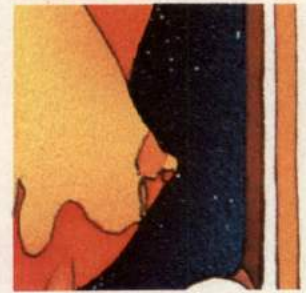
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BITS & PIECES

Deepest throat in western world



Hypnosis, that's what did the (you should excuse the expression) *trick* for Linda Lovelace, according to *Screw*, a weekly sex review. Linda's ex-hubby, good ole Chuck Traynor, claims he taught Linda her *Deep Throat* technique by hypnotizing her.

Chuck says it's quite a simple procedure. All he had to do was help her overcome an involuntary muscle reaction in the back of the throat. He suggested to her that when the back of her throat was touched, she would feel a pleasurable sensation instead of coughing or gagging.

After a couple of hypnosis sessions, Linda was tingling all over instead of coughing. And within four or five, she was having a climax while deep-throating. Orgasm, according to Chuck, is a mental thing, and a person can learn to have one anywhere in the body.

Chuck reports that his technique proved very interesting to 1200 doctors attending a convention of the American Institute of Hypnosis in Las Vegas. He and Marilyn Chambers, the ex-Ivory Snow girl who now stars in porno movies, gave a talk (and demonstration?) to that august group.

Chuck, by the way, is now Marilyn's manager, and he says Marilyn can deep-throat better than Linda ever could. She picked it up "just like that," he recalls proudly.

But, showing he's not bitter because of the divorce, Chuck is generous in his comments about Linda. When *Screw* asked him if Linda has any *other* talents, Chuck replied that she "vacuums the house pretty well," and she's a "fair" cook. However, he added, she's not much of a conversationalist. Preoccupied, maybe?

Sanctity of family life ends in Italy

The choice: the risk of a hellish hereafter—or the certainty of no escape from a hellish marriage here on earth?

Defying priests and archbishops who warned of eternal damnation, Italians have decided once again that divorce *is* permissible in their country. The recent referendum on divorce caused such an uproar in Italy that the government, never clearly split from the Roman Catholic Church, was disrupted for two months.

Divorce, Italian style (that means after a five-year separation), was first approved by the voters three years ago. Most people thought the matter was settled—for a generation, at least.

But, as divorce court judges know, wrangling over an emotional issue often never ceases. Conservatives scared up enough signatures to require Italians to reconsider.

After a public argument that cost about \$60 million, 59 percent (considered an overwhelming majority) voted to retain the law that permits divorce. And *that* probably caused some indigestion in the Vatican.

What will those wild Italians want next? Legitimacy for the children of priests?

Hey, there's a new saint out there!



In the 2,000 years since the death of Jesus, an occasional adult, white Catho-

lic has experienced stigmata—marks or sometimes bleeding wounds, corresponding to Jesus' wounds during his crucifixion. Usually, after investigation these people are designated as saints by the Catholic Church.

The latest report of the appearance of stigmata has some new twists. The person who experienced them is not your run-of-the-mill saint. She is a black, Baptist girl who lives in Oakland, California. According to a report in an American journal for psychiatrists, *General Psychiatry*, the girl was ten years old when, in 1972, the phenomenon occurred.

During the nineteen-day period before Easter, bleeding occurred, usually in the girl's palms, two to six times a day.

The girl, a low-average student, first noticed the bleeding when she was working at her desk in school. Physicians who examined her saw blood welling up from the center of her palms. When they wiped the blood away, they could find only a pea-sized bruise in the palm, which lasted for about three minutes.

Bleeding also was observed from her feet, her chest, and the middle of her forehead. She experienced no pain.

On Good Friday, the bleeding stopped. Although she was observed carefully through the Easter season last year, the bleeding did not occur again.

Physicians who investigated the case explain what happened as a psychologically induced bleeding during a time of intense religious feeling. They found out that she had watched a television film about the crucifixion four days before the bleeding first occurred. She reportedly was profoundly affected by the program. It appears, however, that she did not know anything about stigmata until they happened to her.

The Baptists are probably freaked out. They haven't had a saint since John.

Mayor Daley discovers he's a mere mortal

Any other public figure in a similar situation would have been pressured, successfully, by the press to inform the people what was happening. Not Hizzoner. When his guys say "no more information" they mean *no more information*.

Jockeying for positions (even pushing and shoving, we suspect) began among the Daley army, although this, too, was officially denied.

After standing pat on the "minor illness" statement for a week, Daley's spokesman announced that the mayor had, in fact, suffered a "small" stroke. Some numb-

BITS & PIECES

ness of the right side and speech difficulties had come and gone, and, of course, the 72-year-old mayor was fully recovered, the mouthpiece told reporters. However, the mayor was going to have surgery to clear a carotid artery of fatty plaque, which might possibly cause future strokes if left alone. The mayor would convalesce for a month before the surgery. He would, naturally, carry on the business of governing America's Second City from his hospital bed or his bedroom at home.

Some of Chicago's newspapers mildly protested the misleading and sketchy reports on the mayor's condition. But most of the rest of the city's populace, by now accustomed to Daley's abuse of power, seemed to accept matter-of-factly their continuing bamboozlement. Watergate morality doesn't stop at the banks of the Potomac.

The overwhelming power of Richard Daley, Chicago's publicly self-effacing mayor for twenty years, was singularly demonstrated during his recent illness.

One day in May, he walked into a Chicago hospital accompanied by his doctor and several henchmen. He was put to bed, and soon after his wife and all seven of his children visited him. It was rumored that the mayor had had a "dizzy spell" that morning at City Hall. He was in the hospital, a spokesman said, for study of mild diabetes and chronic high blood pressure.

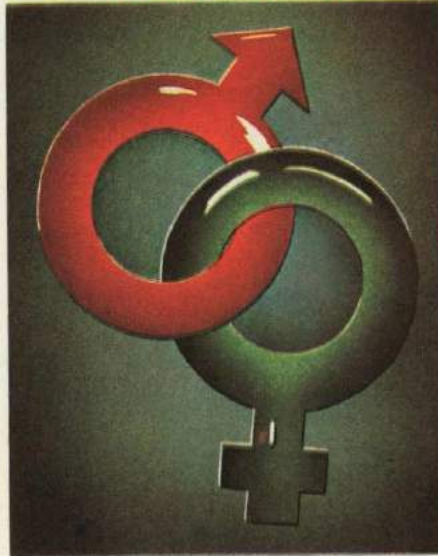
All of Chicago waited expectantly for news of the mayor's health, but only one report was issued on the day of his admission. The next day, it was reported the mayor was "resting comfortably." That was it. No further reports on the diagnosis or prognosis until a full week later.

This story could very well kill you

A good rule for the road is: Never duck while driving. Erlene Ardoyn will tell you that such an act can get you into a lot of trouble. She came by her lesson the hard, if not memorable, way. But what would you do if you saw a bunch of greasers with hostages and loot backing out of a bank and waving guns in the direction of your car? Erlene ducked . . . and lost control of her car which hit two parked cars—one of which injured three persons—jumped a curb and hit five more people. All this, and no robbery. You guessed it, Erlene had unknowingly driven onto a movie set. In spite of the fact that she should have known better, being in

Hollywood and all, she was cited for no traffic violations. No doubt the film will not have such a happy ending.

Onward and upward with the sexes



If a woman in your life has trouble understanding you, it may be because she needs to change her sex. Not in this life. The Next one.

Most psychics who believe in reincarnation think that only by living some lives as a male and some lives as a female can a person understand what it means to be male or female.

"A woman who has no conception of how a man thinks and feels has either not yet lived as a man or has not lived as a man for many years," one psychic leader explains. "It's time for her to be a man for a lifetime, just to see how the other half lives."

The purpose of reincarnation, according to believers, is a gradual evolution toward perfection of human souls. (Don't get "reincarnation," which refers to rebirth of a soul in a human body, confused with "transmigration," in which souls are reborn in animal bodies.) In each successive life, a soul is supposed to become more godlike.

"In the past 2,000 years, men have traditionally been the more active sex. It has been women's role to assimilate the knowledge gained actively by men," the reader says.

But, she admits, times are a-changin', even in the world of the occult. Souls who are currently in women's bodies are leading more active lives, and souls who are men this time around are doing some assimilating. Psychic unisex seems inevit-

able.

Oh well, onward and upward.

Don't underestimate the power of sirens

One recent Sunday in Sheffield, England, the local police station received an hysterical phone call from one Ms. Oates: Her four-month-old Nathan lay lifeless in his crib! Policeman Ronald Calvert rushed over to the home and administered mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Unsuccessful, he left in his car with the infant for the hospital. When he switched on the siren, the baby sprang to life.

Circle the right conclusion. (There is only one correct answer.) a. Sirens are beautiful, seductive women—alive in the Forties, now extinct. b. Sirens are life-giving instruments. c. Sirens are ego-tripping devices created specifically for the pleasure of policemen.

How to survive the Seventies



"You kids don't know what suffering is. You should have been alive in the Seventies . . ." We might be saying something like this twenty years from now. Some economists are saying that we are experiencing the beginning of a depression that will last for at least ten years. Prices will continue to rise faster than our salaries and the government will continue to offer placebos as solutions. The situation is not completely hopeless, however. If you want to take security measures, Continued on page 30

The Hustler COCKTAILS

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NATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

ALABAMA

Birmingham: The "Pittsburgh of the South" was named for the great English industrial city of Birmingham. The hematite iron ore from Red Mountain was first used during the Civil War to make cannon balls and rifles for the Confederacy. Today it's a modern, progressive city, and a center of social life for the south. It has a great number of good motels and hotels, many of them with dancing and entertainment in the evening. So if you're in the mood for dancing check into one of the several Ramada Inns, Holiday Inns or the Rode-way Inn. The **Admiral Benbow Inn** also has dancing and entertainment. A good place to eat is the **Baron of Beef** at the Parliment House Hotel. **La Paree** has shish kebab and seafood, along with steak.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Area: L.A. is a vast sprawling metropolis and a visitor can easily get lost if he goes too far from his hotel in search for food or entertainment, so we'll try and suggest one or two good restaurants in different sections. In Los Angeles proper there are several good French dining spots. **Le St. Germain** has an impressive menu, with the saumon a l'oseille being a favorite. **Francois'**, in the Atlantic Rich-field Plaza, is also good. If you want

to dine among celebrities, head for **Chasen's**. However you have to pay extra for dining midst such a select group, so take along plenty of money. In Beverly Hills, **La Chaumière** and **L'Escoffier** are tops for French cuisine, and **La Scala** for Italian. Down south in San Diego, don't miss **Anthony's Star of the Sea Room** and their abalone gourmet. For dancing and entertainment, your best bet is to try one of the big hotels nearby, such as the **Coconut Grove** at the Ambassador or **Beverly Hilton**. On the sports scene, don't forget the **Los Angeles Dodgers** at Dodger Stadium, and the California Angels at Anaheim Stadium, and the **San Diego Padres** at San Diego Stadium.

San Francisco: Whether you're looking for Chinatown, Nob Hill, Ghiradelli Square or the Fisherman's Wharf, the way to travel in San Francisco is by bus or colorful cable car. It's leisurely, you can see a lot, costs only 25¢ and you can get a map from the San Francisco Visitors Information Center at 476 Post St. Or find a map in the phone book. Down at the waterfront you can tour old ships, watch the fishermen and visit the new wine museum. You won't be able to leave the Wharf until after you've had a tempting seafood lunch or din-

ner. A couple of good restaurants at the waterside are **Castagnola** and **Tarantino's**. And with the delightful aromas in Chinatown, you'll need to eat there too. Two award-winning Chinese restaurants are the **Empress of China** and the **Mandarin**, which serves smoked tea duck. Superb French cuisine can be found at **Ernie's**, **La Bourgogne**, and **L'Orangerie**. For a little late evening fun try the **Sinaloa Mexican Cantina**, which has a Latin American revue and dancing. It's closed Thurs. and Sun. The **Purple Onion** is good place for entertainment, but is closed Mon. and Wed. during the summer months. For name entertainment, your best bet is the **Happenstance**, at the **Hyatt Regency San Francisco**. **Wrangling Brothers and Barnum & Baily Circus** will be at the Cow Palace Aug. 28—Sept. 2. The **San Francisco Giants** will be at Candlestick Park.

CANADA

Niagara Falls: Even if you're not honeymooning, this is a fun place to go. Take a boat ride and feel the spray from the falls as you cruise almost to their bottom. Visit **Table Rock House**, where you can take an elevator down through the rock to subterranean passages where you can look behind the churning water. There'll be lots of good hotels and motels awaiting visitors.

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

Some that have entertainment are **Cairn-Croft, Fallsway, Park and Pilgrim Motor Inn**. If you're like to dine outdoors and view the falls, go to **Victoria Park** restaurant in Victoria Park. **Toronto:** If you're taking a vacation up in north-east Canada, the chances are that you'll be passing through Toronto, and looking for a good restaurant. The **Fifty-Fourth Dining Room**, on the top of the British Commonwealth Building is a popular place for Continental dishes. The **Burgundy Room** takes pride in the freshness of its fish. You can choose your live trout from the aquarium. The **Royal Hunt Dining Room** is an elegant place where you can find something a little different, such as sweetbreads grand duc. **Quo Vadis** is a spot to put on your must-visit list... quiet atmosphere in the continental tradition. An excellent menu of Italian and mid-European specialties.



Ray Charles

COLORADO

Denver: Any visitor to Colorado will want to see at least one of the many rodeos and other sporting events that are so popular in the Rockies. A few events that are within a couple hours drive from Denver are the **Pikes Peak or Bust Rodeo** at Colorado Springs Aug. 8-10, the **Larimer County Fair and Rodeo** at Loveland Aug. 8-14, The **Pikes Peak Marathon Foot Race** at Manitou Springs on Aug. 8, the **Annual Arapahoe Glacier Hike** at Boulder on Aug. 8, and the **Yacht Club Regatta and Water Sports Festival** at Grand Lake. The Yacht Club Regatta will feature the famed **Lipton Cup Race** and be held in the world's highest yacht anchorage. In will be in August, but we don't have the exact date. **Larimer Square** is the fun section of Denver and things are going to be extra

swinging Aug. 13-16 when the section presents "Night in Old Denver! There are lots of delightful restaurants in town, some with a quiet elegant atmosphere and others with entertainment to spice the food. For gourmet Continental dishes, the **Quarum** is tops. It won the Holiday Magazine Fine Dining Award, and chef Pierre Wolf will tempt you with such things as la casserole Neptune mousseline and entrecôte au poivre. The **Oak Room** of Stouffer's Denver Inn has delicacies like roast loin of pork Normandy and trout artichaut. It has an adjacent wine tasting salon where Maitre'd Carlo Buscemi will help you choose the proper bouquet to accompany your meal. The **Sports Scene** furnishes lively entertainment with its dinners. A snazzy place to go most any time of the day is the **Warehouse**. For lunch it has a big variety of omelettes, such as with avodado, banana and grape, topped with coconut or with smoked Nova Scotia salmon and onions. And in the evening you can feast upon duck, scampi, Teriyaki steak, or lobster in the downstairs dining room and then go upstairs to the 500 seat theater. The great **Ray Charles** will entertain you from July 30 thru Aug. 4. Coming later in the summer and early fall are Anthony Newley, Petula Clark, Fats Domino, the Mills Brothers, George Kirby, Jose Feliciano, the Smothers Brothers and Gordon Lightfoot.

CONNECTICUT

Hartford: The **Sammy Davis Hartford Open** golf tournament will be held Aug. 15-18 at Wethersfield Country Club in Wethersfield, just outside Hartford. The purse is \$200,000 and Billy Casper is the defending champion. Several hotels in the area feature night time entertainment for after the golf match. There's the **Hartford Hilton** and the **Holiday Inn**. And there's dancing in the **Rib Room** of the **Sonesta**. If you want an unusual dinner, try **Adajians** for shish kebab or moussaka. The **Hearthstone** specializes in lobster Fra Diavolo.

FLORIDA

Jacksonville: This is one of the few year-round cities in Florida, with lots of industry and enough permanent residents to keep it swinging all summer. If you're in the mood for a good steak, try **Sandy's Steer Room** where you'll find juicy beef served in a pleasant atmosphere, with music in the background. Another good restaurant is **Strickland's Town House**. For Italian food there's **Nick's Isle of Capri** at

Jacksonville Beach. If it's dancing you're after, try the top floor of the Holiday Inn at Jacksonville Beach. Another lively spot is the **Speakeasy**, which is topless. Dinner Theaters are the **Thunderbird** and the **Alhambra**. While you're in the area, don't miss a visit to St. Augustine, the oldest permanently inhabited settlement in the country. Tour the Castillo de San Marcos and see "**Cross and Sword**", a music drama about the founding of Spanish Florida. It's at St. Augustine Amphitheatre in Anastasia State Recreation Area nightly except Sun. from mid-June till early September.

FLORIDA

Miami-Ft. Lauderdale: When you're finished with fishing, or swimming or whatever your favorite Florida sport and evening comes, you'll be ready to relax in one of the many cool, elegant restaurants in the area. In the Miami Beach area, one of the most charming restaurants, with delightful French food, is **Le Parisien**. You'll need a jacket and tie there. For seafood try the **Fishery**, at the **Sheraton Beach Motel**. It overlooks the ocean. In Miami, the **Cafe Chauveron** has excellent French food. If you don't have a dinner date, stop in at the **Phone Booth**. Each table has its own telephone and special number and you can dial another table and get acquainted with which ever blond or red head strikes your fancy. In the Ft. Lauderdale area, you'll like the **Mai Kai**, with its luscious sarong-clad girls. You can also have fun at the **Bachelors Three**.



Glen Campbell

Orlando: Sooner or later everyone seems to end up at Disney World, to see Fantasyland and Tomorrowland and Adventureland and all the other mar-

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

velous attractions. There are lots of hotels and exciting restaurants nearby and it's just a matter of knowing which to choose. If you want a place where you can have a little after-dark dancing and entertainment, there're the **Contemporary Resort** and **Polynesian Village** right at Disney World. In Orlando both the **Ramada Inn East** and **Ramada Inn South** have dancing along with the **Sheraton** and **Sheraton Catalina Inn** and lots of others. For good prime ribs, try **Willoughby's Restaurant**, opposite Herndon Airport.

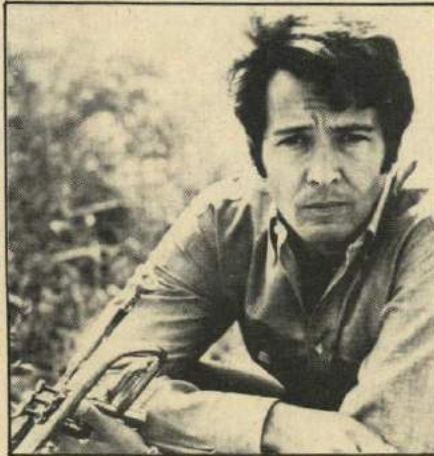
GEORGIA

Atlanta: Peachtree St. Atlanta, is today lined with skyscrapers instead of peach blossoms, and is sometimes called the "Main Street of the South." Nestled among the Peachtree skyscrapers are some of the best restaurants of the south. There's the **Abbey**, whose decor is that of a transformed neo-gothic church, with medieval tapestries and paintings and stained glass windows. The waiters are in monks' robes. The German-born chef, Hans Betran, was trained in France and Switzerland. His specialties are caneton à l'orange, Chateaubriand and côtelettes d'agneau bouquetiere, which is his own way of doing lamb chops. The French pasteries are prepared in their own kitchen by the Czechoslovakian baker, Papa Mike Kuzel, who has more than forty years' experience. Classical harpist, Darlene "Deedi" Henson, entertains from 7:00 11:00 P.M. Mon.—Thurs. Just down the street is **Brothers Two**, which has an old English decor and serves prime ribs and veal escalopine française. Go the other direction and you'll find **Pittypat's Porch** and **Midnight Sun**. For fun-type entertainment try the **Club Atlantis** in the Hyatt Regency Atlanta. We always have to mention the Underground, an old railroad section that's been converted to a fun place, with boutiques and both lively and gourmet restaurants. For banjo music, try **Ruby Red's Warehouse** and, for delightful food, dine at **Rue de Paris**. The **Atlanta Braves** will be at Atlanta Stadium, and the new **TPD Championship golf tournament** will be held at the Atlanta Country Club Aug. 30—Sept. 2.

ILLINOIS

Chicago: A new restaurant in the city is the **Prime Rib**, a branch of Lawry's of Beverly Hills, Cal. It's in the old McCormick mansion that used to house the Kungsholm Scandanavia Restaurant and Puppet Opera Theater. They serve just one thing: roast beef, which is

wheeled to your table on a big cart and sliced your favorite way. The menu at **La Tour** is more varied, and the restaurant gives you a great view of the city. One of the most unusual restaurants is **The Bakery** where Budapest-born chef, Szathmary, serves such exciting things as saucisson en croute and beef Wellington. Reservations are necessary. Some tables are even in the kitchen! For something a little different dine at **Su Casa**, a Mexican place with music and arroz con pollo. For fun head for **Butch McGuire's** or **Faces**, on Rush Street. Some of the dinner theaters are **Rustic Barn Dinner Theater**, **Candlelight Dinner Playhouse** and **Forum Theatre and Restaurant**. **Herb Alpert** will be at **Arie Crown Theater**, McCormick Place, on Aug. 16 and 17. The **Chicago Cubs** will be at Wrigley Field and the **White Sox** at White Sox Park.



Herb Alpert

INDIANA

Indianapolis: For delightful French cuisine in the Indiana capital we recommend the **King Cole**. Paintings of the eighteenth and nineteenth century adorn the dining room walls and set an atmosphere of quiet elegance. The restaurant received the Holiday Magazine award. Another award winning place that can't be overlooked is **La Tour**. Holiday says it's good and Mobil gives it four stars. If it's dancing and entertainment you're after, then try one of the larger hotels or motels. There's **Stouffer's Indianapolis**, the **Sheraton Motor Inn**, **Ramada Inn-Airport**, **Marriott Inn**, and lots of **Holiday Inns** with entertainment. Also there are several dinner theatres, such as the **Sheraton Dinner Theatre** at I-65 and Pendleton Pike, **Beef and Boards**, and **Black Crutain**. If that type of entertainment seems too sedate for you, then

head for the strip along North Meridian between 16th and 22nd. There are several spots there with lots of action.

KANSAS

Wichita: More airplanes are built in this Kansas town than in all the rest of the world put together. It may well have another claim to fame . . . more go-go spots than any other town its size: 154. Among the hotter spots in town is the **Lemon Tree** that features some good strip shows and often topless waitresses and dancers. **The Four Aces** is also noted as among the better places for this kind of entertainment. For Chinese food try the **Far East**; its owner has been in the Chinese restaurant business for more than half a century. A good place for Italian food is **Angelo's**, and some locals claim that the finest steakhouse in the world is the **Chateaubriand**. (Since many that brag about the place are world-wide ferry pilots, maybe they know what they're talking about.)

KENTUCKY

Lexington: You'll be surprised to see how Daniel Boone country is turning into gourmet eating country. **Stanley Demos' Coach House** won a Holiday Magazine award for its cuisine. Stanley Demos gives french fries a new twist by making them out of sweets. And he cooks shrimp with a Champagne dressing. A couple of other good places to eat are the **Red Lion** and **Winner's Table**. Both have entertainment and the **Winner's Table** has dancing. The area is full of big motels, many of which have dancing or some sort of entertainment. Try the **Hospitality Motor Inn**, **Howard Johnson's-North** the **Ramada Inn**, and the **Holiday Inn-East**.

LOUISIANA

New Orleans: The Creole foods of Louisiana are among the most unusual and tasty of any throughout the world. This cuisine mixes the best of French, Spanish, American Indian and Negro culinary arts. In the great restaurants of New Orleans it is served with artistic perfection by well-trained French chefs, some of whom are following a family tradition that has existed for several generations. **Antoine's**, one of the most famous restaurants in the world, was founded in 1840 by Antoine Alciatore and, from that day on, an Alciatore has been in charge to maintain its high standards. One of its most famous dishes is Pampano en Papillote. Not far away, on Bourbon St. in the midst of jazz and strip-tease joints, is **Gala-**

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

toire's. It originally opened in 1830 as Victor's Restaurant, but since 1920 has been run by the Galatoire family and looks almost the same as when Jeana Galatoire took over. Many "greats" have dined there, and the restaurant takes pride in insisting that the same service is given to the most unknown as to its most famous patrons. We suggest its Oysters Rockefeller or Chicken Turenne, which is cooked with artichoke hearts and wine. Other great restaurants in the city are **Arnaud's**, **Brennan's**, **Dunbar's**, **Commanders Palace**, the **Caribbean Room** of the **Pontchartrain Hotel**, and the **Court of the Two Sisters**, which has a delightful French colonial atmosphere.

MARYLAND

Baltimore: This is a great city where the north and the south meet. It's rich in the tradition of Americanism and also of good food, especially crabs and oysters from Chesapeake Bay. August should still be "season" for the crabs, and the **Chesapeake Restaurant**, and **Danny's** are the places to find them. Also, try **Gordons of Orleans St.** for crabs. **Haussner's** serves German-American food. For dancing and entertainment, we suggest the **Holiday Inn**, **Airport Friendship International** (also at the airport), **Cross Key's Inn**, and **Howard Johnson's**. If you want a strip show, there's the **Oasis**. The **Baltimore Orioles** will be at Memorial Stadium.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston: Boston was first settled in 1630. There wasn't time for the colonists to plant much of a crop, and a fourth of them died the first winter. Since then the Bostonians have taken care to see that there's always a bountiful supply of good food available. A list of the city's restaurants looks like a who's who of gourmet cuisine and it's hard to pick a "number one." *Holiday Magazine* calls **Anthony's Pier 4** "One of America's greatest restaurants." Seafood is the specialty. For French cuisine we suggest **Maison Robert** for roulade mornay or carré d'agneau or **Au Beauchamp** for coq au vin or frogs legs. Have fun and go Hungarian at the **Cafe Budapest**. The mixed grill à la Hongroise, which is served on a wooden platter, has grilled fillet mignon, wiener schnitzel, natur schnitzel, and pork chop. **Boraschi's** has a good veal scallopini, as does **Delmonico's**. For dancing with your dinner, go to either of the **Ramada Inns** or the **Fenway North**. Jazz fans

will like **Paul's Mall**. On the sports scene, the **Boston Red Sox** will be at Fenway Park.

Cape Ann AREA: If you're driving up New England way, be sure to take time to follow the coast road north of Boston and visit the colorful fishing towns, and the harbors that were home to the captains of the Clippers. Stop off at Marblehead. On summer week-ends you'll find yacht races. If its lunch time, you can get a good clam chowder at the **Atlantic restaurant**. Next stop is Salem, with lots of historical sites. In 1692, nineteen persons were found guilty of witchcraft and hanged on Gallows Hill. You can see the Witch House where they were "examined." The Witch Museum re-creates scenes of the trials. The House of Seven Gables is kept in good repair and is just like Nathaniel Hawthorne pictured it in his book. If this is your lunch stop, look into the **Main Brace and Essex Room**, in the **Hawthorne Hotel**. Then continue to Cape Ann and Gloucester. Sea chanties tell us that more than ten thousand Gloucester fisherman have lost their lives to the sea. Walk along the wharf and maybe you'll see some of the old timers who used to sail with the fleet, or **The Adventure**, the last of the fishing dories. There are lots of good motels in town and several good restaurants. Some of the restaurants serve Continental dishes, but you should try for a fresh lobster or clams, or succulent scrod. Try the **Rocky Neck Lobster and Steak House** or the **Gloucester House**. **Captain Courageous** has entertainment and dancing on Fri. and Sat. nights.

MICHIGAN

Detroit-Dearborn: Whether you're in town for business on heading for a Canada vacation, you'll find lots of good food in Detroit. One popular place that keeps winning awards is the **London Chop House**. The menu is varied, with steaks, lobsters and oysters. There's dancing after 10 P.M. The **Pontchartrain Hotel** is noted for good food. **La Mediterranee** has French delicacies, and in summer the sidewalk café is open. The **Golden Lion** has fresh Lake Erie perch and other sea foods. **Jim's Garage**, with an old auto decor serves Continental dishes. You'll also find good eating at the **The Coach and Four** in **Stouffer's Northland Motel**. If you go to Dearborn to visit the Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village, a good place for lunch or dinner is **Chamberlain**, at the **Holiday Inn Motel**.



Tony Martin & Cyd Charisse

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis / St. Paul: Food is one of the mainstays of life in the Twin Cities. Among the best restaurants is **Charlie's Café**. The name is a fooler in that this is an elegant spot with years of tradition and reputation. There are exceptional items such as Spanish shrimp broiled in their shells. In St. Paul try the **Blue Horse** for steaks. Then, on Lake Minnetonka there's **Lord Fletcher's**. Folks in their 50-foot yachts tie up at dock-side and slip in for a drink or a feast. If you left your yacht at home, drive on out . . . waiters and attendants in Beef-eater costume, the customers in everything from blue jeans to tux. Try their Pim's Cup. For "action," there's an extensive "strip" downtown in Minneapolis.

MISSOURI

Kansas City: Northern Italian food is different from the cuisine of the south of the peninsula, and some of the best northern-style food will be found at **Jasper's Italian Restaurant** in KC, on the Mo. side of the river. There are four dinner theaters in KC. **Off Broadway** will present "Fantastics" all during August while the **Waldo Astoria** will have "Sweet Charity" through August 25. "Play it Again, Sam" is tentatively set to start on the 27th. **Tiffany's Attic** comes on with "Six Rms Riv Vu" on the 6th, and the **Palace presents "Can Can"** starting on the 6th. Dancing? Try **River Quay** or **Harlow's**. Swinging nite life is at **Butch Cassidy's** or **Mother's Club**. Remember . . . on the Kansasside, it's private clubs and BYOB.

St. Louis: For dining upon steak or lobster amidst Victorian elegance try the **Tenderloin Room**. The best French food is at **Anthony's**. **Tony's** is the

Continued on page 92

GOOD NEWS FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE!

HERE ARE OVER 100 READY-TO-USE MYSTIC CHANTS FOR MONEY, POWER AND LOVE!

Simply choose anything you desire, and in a moment you'll find the special Chant for attracting riches...protecting yourself against sickness...securing a new car, beautiful home, your own business...winning happiness and love...reading the thoughts of others...and much more! For example:

These words could bring you a vast fortune...more riches than you ever dreamed of:

"D----- J----- W----- N----- T----- I----- M----- L-----"
It happened to a person in desperate need of cash, who was told there were "powerful forces" working against him. Then he spoke the above Mystic Chant for attracting riches. Within the hour, he was awarded \$150,000!

By using the same Chant, you too may attract a fortune, a new car, a house in the country, stylish clothes. You simply take any amount you can believe in, from \$10,000 to a million dollars, and say this Mystic Chant!

What are the Mystic words of this Chant? We cannot reveal them in this advertisement but you will clearly find them on page 53 of MIND COSMOLOGY, a remarkable guide with every type of Mystic Chant you'll ever need!

How do they bring riches, luxury, comfort,

world travel to your doorstep? How do they solve your money problems? To see for yourself, just fill out and mail the No Risk Coupon.

We'll Rush You A Copy Of This Amazing Book For Thirty Days Examination, At OUR Risk.

When you receive it, quickly open to the Mystic Chant the man used to attract \$150,000. You'll find it with all the words filled in! Or perhaps you desire a healthy, strong body with unlimited energy? See the Chant on page 64 for protecting yourself against germs and most forms of sickness.

Are you one of the lonely? If peace of mind, happiness, or love fulfillment is what you want, repeat the Chant on page 33 exactly three times just before the moon rises.

What's more, you'll find another Mystic Chant on page 100 to be used only by those who believe! This Chant may send your soul into the cosmos through amazing astral projection, backwards into history, or forward into the uncharted areas of the future!



Try this Chant for Riches (see page 53) without risking a penny. See details below.

Your Questions About Mystic Chants Answered

Q. Can I say these Mystic Chants just once, or do they have to be repeated over and over?

A. Many of these Chants can be said once. Others are designed to be repeated a few times as this heightens their effectiveness. However, they are short and it would take you only a few minutes to repeat them.

Q. Must these Chants be memorized?

A. No. All you have to do is read them out. If you don't want to carry the book around, simply copy a few Chants on a card and put it in your pocket.

Q. Are these Chants hard to read?

A. Of course not. They are clearly printed, easy-to-read and do not contain words that are difficult to pronounce.

Q. Are these Chants Black Magic or White Magic?

A. Without a doubt, White Magic. In one case, an evil woman stole Laura M.'s husband using Black Magic. Laura used this chant on page 159: "Y-- k-- I l-- y--." Within a few days her husband pleaded with her to take him back.

Q. If these Mystic Chants are so powerful, why doesn't the author use them himself to become a millionaire?

A. The author has done just that. By saying these Chants, Norvell has become wealthy and a celebrity. Now he devotes his life to making others rich and happy.

Q. Are these Chants dangerous?

A. About as dangerous as combing your hair. You see, they can be used only for good, sincere purposes. If used for an evil purpose, they will have no effect.

Q. Time is running out for me. Can these Mystic Chants find me a husband?

A. On page 24 you'll find the Chant Georgia R. used to attract a rich partner in a law firm. What's more, you can attract a man with the precise character you admire.

Q. I've only an eighth grade education. Will Mystic Chants work for me?

A. Certainly. You need no special education or experience. Anyone can use them.

Q. When is it best to use Mystic Chants?

A. As soon as possible. Mail the No-Risk Coupon. We'll send you your book so you can start using Mystic Chants right away!

Scores of People, Just Like Yourself, Have Relied on Mystic Chants to Get What They Want From Life.

FINDS ENCHANTED LOVE. Take the case of Nora H. who was a complete failure in love and marriage. Desperate, she whispered the Chant: "I n-- p-- u-- l--."

Within a short span, she met and happily married a young and handsome attorney. See page 47 of this amazing guide!

CHANTS UNITE HIS FAMILY. After years of misery, Lester M.'s wife left him and took their infant son. Lester turned to the Chant on page 28: "I n-- b-- t-- m-- o-- p-- h-- p--." In a few days his wife and son returned, and sure that they would live a different life!

CHANTS LESSEN SICKNESS. Dora T. was nearly sixty and the doctors told her she had an incurable ailment. She used two Mystic Chants to overcome age and sickness. In less than a month, her symptoms decreased. See pages 31-33.

CHANTS BRING SUCCESS. A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a-- w-- c-- p-- a-- c-- s-- a-- p--" ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more money than she had ever dreamed possible! Would you like an exciting well-paying job? Use the complete set of Chants on page 51.

CHANTS FOR PAINS. A woman of 45 (see page 82) suffered from pains each month that were so severe she had to go to bed. A friend told her about this Mystic Chant: "I n-- i-- m-- m-- a-- b-- c-- w-- t-- p-- p-- o-- r-- g-- h--" and she showed immediate improvement. Take a few minutes and say the Chant on page 80.

CHANTS FOR HIDDEN TREASURE. An elderly woman had a small home on a plot of ground where she lived after her husband died. Once the insurance money was spent, she had no source of income and used a Mystic Chant to get money. That night, the figure of her husband appeared to her and told her to dig at a certain spot. She found \$15,000! You too can use the Chant on page 126.

CHANTS FOR OPERATIONS. A woman needed \$1,000 to help her mother get an operation. She kept repeating the Mystic Chant: "I w-- t-- s-- o-- o-- t-- d-- s-- i-- c-- p-- t-- s--." The next morning a famous surgeon assured her that he would operate for no charge. See on page 144 how the operation was performed!

CHANTS FOR LUCK. One man playing dice

at Las Vegas used a special Mystic Chant. The first roll came up 11. He tried again, and they came up 11 again. The third roll was also successful, and as the man had let his dollar remain on the 11, his small investment brought him a small fortune! See how he did it on page 140.

These True Histories Describe Only a Small Fraction of The Mystic Chants. In Addition, There Are Chants for:

Finding lost relatives... Making a fortune in the stock market... Treating migraine headaches... Becoming a famous writer... Beauty... Getting a beautiful wife... Projecting your astral self to distant places... Achieving success in your own business... or anything else!

However, you need the entire word—the entire sentence—the entire Mystic Chant to accomplish your dreams!

That's why we are making available to you this wonderful book called Mind Cosmology, that gives you every Chant, for a 30-day No-Risk Examination.

When you receive the book, start saying the Mystic Chant for what you want in life—be it love, riches, happiness, whatever!

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

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LARRY FLYNT
Hustler Publisher

Publisher's Statement

When the Supreme Court ruled on its last obscenity case, I felt that it was a mistaken, tragic move to turn the clock back and that, anyway, the ruling would be impossible to enforce. I still feel the same way, and I have been proven right on the last point—that the new obscenity guidelines would wreak havoc on our law enforcement bodies.

Because the Supreme Court allows communities to write their own obscenity laws, there has been so much confusion that many states, in effect, are without them. I don't know why district attorneys refuse to give up the fight and admit that there really isn't anything wrong with people wanting to see nude pictures and films.

Certainly, there ought to be some rules excluding minors from buying pornography and limitations on where they can be exhibited—for example, no one should be allowed to sell hard-core pornography in schoolyards—but other than that, does a democratic society need watchdogs to tell us what we should and should not read and watch?

I'm amazed that our country, which has shown the way for individual freedom and initiative, still clings to primitive notions when it comes to sex. Granted, there are people who

find sexually oriented magazines and films offensive. Fine. I don't expect them to buy *Hustler* or to come to my clubs. But what about the millions who enjoy them, who consider sexuality a part of their lives and are not at all ashamed of that? Don't these men and women have rights?

My point is that it's time that our courts and legislators realized that a large segment of our society has been maligned and indeed denied the Constitutional right to the pursuit of happiness. Why are the protectors of morality so insistent that they know what's good for us? Has anyone been harmed by exposure to sexual material? I don't believe, for instance, that there is the slightest bit of evidence that pornography results in rape or in any kind of sexual maladjustment.

Let's get rid of all laws governing pornography and sexual behavior and admit that adults are quite capable of judging what's best for themselves. When we reach that milestone decision, we will discover pretty much what Europeans have found: that no dramatic changes occur once pornography laws are lifted—those who've always been interested in the subject continue to pursue them, and those who've never cared for it still don't.

At a time when our country is faced with enormous difficulties, such as a slow economy and the credibility of our politicians, it is a tragic waste for our institutions to pursue yet another definition of what constitutes pornography; instead, let them pay attention to long-neglected problems that need solutions.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



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236504 SONNY & CHER Live In Las Vegas, vol. 1	235853 GILBERT O'SULLIVAN I'M A WRITER, NOT A FIGHTER	235093 SHIRLEY BASSEY Live At Carnegie Hall	234831 FERRANTE & TEICHER KILLING ME SOFTLY
238840* JERRY LEE LEWIS SOUTHERN ROOTS BACK HOME TO MEMPHIS	230517* CARLY SIMON HOTCAKES	221192* JIM CROCE YOU DON'T MESS AROUND WITH JIM	218750* FRANK SINATRA IN THE BEGINNING 1943 To 1951
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And just look at the wide range of recorded entertainment you have to choose from—not only the best and latest from the huge Columbia catalog... but also new releases and old favorites from A&M, ABC/Dunhill, Bell, Epic, London, MCA, Mercury, MGM, Parrot, United Artists and many, many more. To order your 12 selections, just mail the application form, together with your check or money order for \$1.97 as payment. (Be sure to indicate whether you want cartridges, cassettes, reel tapes or records.) In exchange...

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Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment. The selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club prices: cartridges and cassettes \$6.98; reel-to-reel tapes, \$7.98; records, \$4.98 or \$5.98—plus processing and postage. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest... plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music. In addition, about six times a year we will offer some special selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices). A response card will always be enclosed with each magazine.

...if you do not want any selection offered, just mail the response card provided by the date specified

...if you want only the Selection of the Month for your musical interest, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically

...if you want any of the other selections offered, just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified.

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 - ☐ Reel-to-Reel Tapes (KY-Y)
 - ☐ 12" Stereo Records (KZ-Z)

Write in numbers of 12 selections

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(But I am always free to choose from any category)

☐ Easy Listening 2 ☐ Teen Hits 7 ☐ Classical 1 ☐ Country 5

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....

State..... Zip.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check one) ☐ YES..... ☐ NO

APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer P142/S74

REVIEWS

RECORDS

FUSION MUSIC: ROCK'S NEW SOUND

There's a new breed of fusion music passing through our ears of late, and its commercial success augurs well for further explorations into the areas being mapped out now. The new fusion music is a complete hybrid, blending jazz, rock, soul, and even some classical influence in various combinations, depending on the style and taste of each artist. Ancestors and influences? How about John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Sly Stone, Jimi Hendrix, Igor Stravinsky, and Cream, just to name a few? The scope of the sounds is limitless, and about the only things each fusion artist has in common with the next are high energy and relentlessly probing creative drives.

A guide to the best of recent fusion music follows, along with a few source albums, re-reviewed to offer some perspective on where the music has been:

Jimi Hendrix, *Electric Lady Land* (Reprise); When everything is considered, especially the recent trends in pop music, this two-record disc may be the single most important rock album of the Sixties. Hendrix was the first master of electronic space music. He developed a sound that kept its feet planted firmly in the earth of blues and soul, while its head soared out into the galaxy of the electrical universe. This is the album that is rumored to have really turned the head of one Miles Davis, causing him to plug in, thereby exploding the range of jazz's possibilities in the decade to come. Hendrix is a primal source whose artistry moved him beyond the mere psychodelia of his day into the realm of immortality.



Miles Davis, *Big Fun* (Columbia); Actually, any Miles Davis album is essential listening, but none more so than this double-disc collection of tracks recorded at key periods in Miles' electric musical career, ranging over the past five years. The moods range from supercharged hard-rock ("Go Ahead John") to warp drive starflights ("Great Expectations"), and from cosmic funk ("If") to mellow, introspective moodscapes ("Lonely Fire"). What's more, virtually every important progressive musician of the seventies plays somewhere on these two records; names like Billy Cobham, Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, John McLaughlin, Airto, and countless more. To understand the new fusion music, Miles must be heard—long and often.

Sly and the Family Stone, *Stand* (Epic); Again, it's hard to choose a single representative Sly LP, but *Stand*, his third, comes closest. It features Sly's characteristic rhythmic quirkiness, which has influenced many other musicians in their searches for new ways to break up the beat without losing power. "Sex Machine," the long instrumental on side two, takes standard soul forms and stretches them into completely new dimensions, dragging the rest of soul music along with it. Things were never quite the same in black popular music after Sly released this classic LP in 1969.

Mahavishnu Orchestra, *Apocalypse* (Columbia); John McLaughlin's spiritual, musical odyssey takes a new direction in this new album. The old Mahavishnu Orchestra (best represented on vinyl by *The Inner Mounting Flame*, same label) has given way to a larger group, playing more complex compositions. The energy and intensity of the guitar-master's music remains, but more depth and color is present through the addition of a string section, horns, and the London Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Michael Tilson Thomas. *Apocalypse* also boasts the talents of the world's finest jazz violinist, France's Jean-Luc Ponty. McLaughlin's compositions are attractively Wagnerian in stature and breadth, but their overall sound is closer to that of Stravinsky. As always, McLaughlin is never far from the sound of the East, either, and the wild spectrum of elements coalesces here devastatingly. *Apocalypse* is an intense, exotic journey.

Santana, *Welcome* (Columbia); This LP, released last November, is quite a monument to one man's growth in musical stature. Carlos Santana has preserved and expanded his base in Latin jazz-rock by means of increased compositional and instrumental abilities and an assurance attributable only to his newly found spiritual ties. Within its plain white cover, *Welcome* offers a subtle rainbow of musical innovation and peace.

Billy Cobham, *Crosswinds* (Atlantic); Next to Herbie Hancock and the Mahavishnu Orchestra (his former group), Cobham has been 1974's most commercially successful fusion artist. This LP makes it easy to understand why. Cobham is an attractive composer-melodist, he leads perhaps the strongest young band in the country, and he has re-written the book on contemporary drum technique. *Crosswinds* flows smoothly, yet energetically, from beginning to end. Its music is crystal-clear in concept, and most accessible to anyone with a love for good instrumental sounds.

John Coltrane, *A Love Supreme* (Impulse); another magnificent source album. Coltrane continues an inspiring figure to today's modern fusion musicians, because of his spiritual

strength, extraordinary energy, and unqualified devotion to music in all of its forms. *A Love Supreme* features swanlike melodic grace, screaming intensity, and powerhouse drive, all the while carrying a serenity and control rarely matched today, almost ten years after its release.



Stevie Wonder, *Music of My Mind*, *Talking Book*, and *Innervisions* (Tamla); Together, these three albums represent the most ambitious, perfectly realized musical concept in pop musical history, nothing less. There is nothing Stevie Wonder cannot do, no one he hasn't influenced. The accolades given him speak for themselves; all of these LPs are essential, as is his newest double album, which promises to be a culmination of this particular phase of his work. Where can he go next?



Herbie Hancock, *Headhunters* (Columbia); The best-selling fusion LP of the year. It's one which fuses jazz and soul in lengthy, funky tracks. The sound never degenerates into repetitive traps, as Herbie, long a keyboard master, takes seemingly simple musical forms and finds more in them than you thought was possible. That's one of the marks of a great artist: to make simplicity work to his advantage. The approach brought Herbie a vast new audience, without compromising his imaginative, creative approach to music.

Other key fusion music albums:

The Inner Mounting Flame, Mahavishnu Orchestra (Columbia)
Spectrum, Billy Cobham (Atlantic)

Introducing the Eleventh House, Larry Coryell (Vanguard)

Life Is Round, Compost (Columbia)

I Sing the Body Electric and *Sweetnighter*, Weather Report (Columbia)

Under Fire, Gato Barbieri (Flying Dutchman)

Bitches' Brew and *Live/Evil*, Miles Davis (Columbia)

Inside Out, Eddie Henderson (Capricorn)

Crossings (Warner Bros.) and *Sextant* (Columbia), Herbie Hancock

Father Music, *Mother Dance*, Michael White (Impulse)

—Jean-Claude Martinelli

MOVIES

IS PINK FLAMINGOES BETTER THAN CITIZEN KANE?

Pink Flamingos, directed by Johnny Waters. Is Divine—a 300-pound transvestite, among other things—the filthiest person alive? The primary aim of this well-below-ground-level film (you'll have to see it in a seedy theater) is to stir in all those who view it pure unadulterated revulsion. It is successful. The audience groans out loud when at the end of the film Divine—now desperate for the title—kneels down on a crowded sidewalk in Baltimore and eats dogshit.

Divine is desperate because her claim to fame has been challenged. Ray and Connie Marble believe they deserve the fouler-than-foul title. And their vying for it constitutes the film's plot and main subject of conversation. From a psychoanalytical view, this film unconsciously presents a curious statement on Americana. Under the assumed name of Babs Johnson, Divine lives in a trailer (pink flamingos decorate the front yard) on the outskirts of Baltimore with her mentally ill mother Edith, her delinquent son Crackers, and a young blond girl with a thing for the Forties look and blank stares.

Across town, the Marbles operate a hot-child ring. Raymond, who has dyed his black hair blue-green and Connie, who looks and behaves like an over-anxious, somewhat perverted librarian, drive around town in a limousine, kidnapping female hitchhikers with chewing gum toughness. The girls are thrown into the basement-dungeon where they are impregnated by Channing the butler. Offspring are sold to lesbian couples.

In comparison to *Pink Flamingos*, your average porno flick becomes a new standard for humanity. It is recommended only to those of you who like to think you've seen everything. If you go, look for the paper (*National Peep*) that is distributed along with the film—in ways it is more appalling than what you see on screen. *Peep* offers an interview with John Waters (reprinted from *Interview*, Andy Warhol's mag) and inside info on Divine (when they first saw their son's new look, Divine's mother threw up and her father fainted) and other people in the film (welfare paid for the sex change of one actor who we see mid-way through the operation).

It's Alive, written, directed, and produced by Larry Cohen. This film doesn't even work on a camp level. It is mentioned only because you might be tempted to see it for lack of a more enticing movie offering. But, stay away—you'd be happier at home with an "All in the Family" rerun.

Either *It's Alive* is the grossest insult on the intelligence of the American film-audience, or Larry Cohen himself is lacking in gray matter. His film is based on a baby who is born with claws and fangs and the capacity to maim humans six-times ITS size. Upon ITS entry into the world, IT escapes from the hospital, works ITS way across town through sewage pipe lines, and pays ITS family a visit. Fearing that the townspeople regard him as some sort of creep for creating such a freak, the father sets out to help find and kill his son. This is accomplished not unsympathetically, mind you—you see, the baby was committing all these murders, the father suddenly realizes, only because IT was afraid. The film does make a breakthrough of sorts; it replaces the pot-smoking scene (inevitable in all formula flicks) with a bugging scene. And you wouldn't believe the fit the mother of IT has when she wises up to the crafty spy tactics of her confident-nurse . . . !

SHORT SUBJECTS

Le Petit Theatre De Jean Renoir is only "little theater" in the shortness of the dramas therein. The film, made for French TV in 1969, is the most recent written and directed by the now 79-year-old Jean Renoir. It consists of three stories. The first, dedicated to Hans Christian Andersen, studies two aging beggars (a man and a woman who are lovers) who find themselves with an unexpected Christmas feast of champagne and caviar. The second is a comic "opera" about a housewife in love with her electric floor waxer. And the third is an aging-villager-cuckolded-by-young-beautiful-wife tale.

This movie, a late work by an acknowledged master, is recommended even to those who are not French film buffs. Its apparent lack of sophistication is charming—and deceptive.

Where the Lilies Grow, you should know straightaway, is a movie about kids. And its "G" rating tells you that it's strictly for kids, right? Not exactly. Like *Souder*, another of Robert Radnitz's much-lauded films, *Where the Lilies Grow* takes on mature (in the sense of complex) subjects in which kids are involved. In *Lilies*, four orphaned children in Appalachia try to keep together after their father's death. Their struggle and their characters are sensitively and honestly portrayed, which is just what you'd expect of the author, Earl Hamner, who writes TV's *The Waltons*. Don't look for familiar screen faces among the actors—they're genuine North Carolina folk.

Better for you than oatmeal—and a hell of a lot more interesting than Pabulum.

Billy Two Hats, a made-in-the-Sinai-desert Western, is OK if you dug the scenery in *Jesus Christ Superstar*, and, of course, if you like Gregory Peck cowboy flicks. I don't, personally, but I don't want to spoil your fun. Sometimes mindless beauty is just what one's psyche needs of an evening . . .

Maybe you'd rather save your money and see this one later on your color TV. Half the kick is the scenery, and, since this film certainly doesn't require total concentration, all those commercials won't be disruptive.

Inevitably, there are blah periods in the life of any film lover—periods when there are no good movies to see. But this year he has been particularly deprived. Bad films have enjoyed extra long runs, old blockbusters have been revived, and good, new films are few and far between. Excuses given are the Writer's Guild strike of last year and inflation—both of which slowed down movie production considerably and whose effects are still with us. This month we take a look at films that have been around awhile—some you shouldn't miss and others you should stay away from, no matter how desperate you are to see a movie.

Walking Tall, directed by Phil Karlson. If you don't understand the appeal of B-movies and want to, see *Walking Tall*. A moving true-life story and masterful director combine to make this film the best of its genre.

The story is rather simple. Buford Pusser (played by Joe

Don Baker, a law-abiding family man, gets himself elected sheriff of a small Tennessee town so that he can run the syndicate out. He takes beating after beating, when most men, if not dead after the first go-round, would take up knitting by an open fire.

The story would be a little hard to swallow if it were an original one created in the mind of some starving screenwriter. It is compelling because you know the violence you observe on the screen in fact took place in real life. Indeed, you are so angered on Pusser's behalf that by the film's end there is no torture too terrifying for his harassers—your eyes ache to see Pusser do them in.

Credit for the film's startling emotional impact goes to Phil Karlson. Few film directors tell a story as well—few have as much control over their subject matter. For Karlson, the key to a good B-movie is economy. He will use a single scene or shot to serve several narrative purposes; there is no dilly-dallying, no digressions from the story line, no scene for the sole purpose of comic relief. The story quickly unfolds.

As with other B-movies, there is no character development in *Walking Tall*. When Karlson introduces you to the principal characters at the onset, you know you're supposed to like them; and, from beginning to end, your feelings about them never change. Yet, the contrived nature of the script actually helps create a realistic setting, the somewhat backward mentality of a small Southern town. Besides, there is no time for subtle nuances, for cleverer lines, for deeper characterizations. There's a story to be told.

Phil Karlson has been in the business of making B-movies for 25 years and with little recognition, excepting off-and-on underground following and praise from a few critics (most notably Andrew Sarris, Bosley Crowther, and Manny Farber). His partner-producer, Mort Briskin, is the one who found the story for *Walking Tall*. He was watching Roger Mudd on CBS News and was intrigued by a ten-minute segment devoted to Tennessee Sheriff Buford Pusser. The following day, the two men were talking about doing a picture. And Karlson, tired of the recent onslaught of violent films that glorify criminals, was excited about doing a picture where the good guy is the hero. Apparently American audiences feel the same way, for when the advertising campaign for *Walking Tall* first played on the violence, nobody went. Then Cinerama (the distributor) changed the advertisement to focus on the love between Buford and his wife, and lines formed.

Now, at the age of 65, Karlson is receiving praise from many influential critics, Pauline Kael of *The New Yorker* among them, and stands to become a very rich man (so far, the picture has made \$35 million on the domestic market alone). And he is already hard at work on his next film, *Framed*, which also stars Joe Don Baker. Watch for it.

BOOKS

THREE NOT OF A KIND: An Ass, An Ace, and Geriassets

Hamilton's Lamp, by Patricia Hull. UL Publishers. \$4.69

A Cry of Angels, by Jeff Fields. Atheneum. \$8.95

Tender Loving Greed, by Mary Adelaide Mendelson. Knopf. \$6.95

"This is garbage," writes Patricia Hull somewhere in the 600 pages of *Hamilton's Lamp*, "but I once found a first edition of Leon Trotsky in a Pocatello trash can."

In a sense, I suppose, the critical process should stop there; but the authoress of this incredible volume has achieved, unwittingly I think, a kind of major minor masterpiece.

(Incidentally, it is not Ms., Miss, or Mrs. Hull: "Call me Missy," she says, somewhere in the 30 pages of her Intro-Continued on page 80

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HUSTLER INTERVIEW



RAY A. KROC KING OF THE FAST FOODS

One of the biggest business success stories in the classic American tradition has been written in just the last 19 years—and by a man who didn't get started until he was 52 years old. Ray A. Kroc, founder and chairman of McDonald's Corporation, has made well over \$200 million since 1955. From three outlets, opened in 1955, the chain has grown to more than 1,700 in all 50 states, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. European McDonald's have opened in The Netherlands and France, and new restaurants are also operating in Japan and Australia.

Born in Chicago, he was a high-school dropout. He lied about his age (15) to join the Red Cross ambulance corps in World War I, serving in the same company as Walt Disney. Having learned classical music from his mother, a music teacher, he gravitated to radio after the war as musical director of WGES, one of Chicago's first stations. (He hired the team of Sam and Henry for \$5 a show and watched it rocket to fame later as Amos 'n' Andy.) Between radio jobs, he played double piano with one of the first bands of Harry Sosnik, later orchestra leader in the Hit Parade Show. Hearing of the Florida real estate boom, Kroc, who had a wife and child by that time, went south to get rich. The boom immediately collapsed. Kroc wound up as a piano player with Willard Robinson's Deep River orchestra on Palm Island. The night club business went bad, too, and he headed back to Chicago.

Deciding he really was cut out to be a salesman, Kroc went to work for Lily-Tulip Cup, winding up as Midwest sales manager,

a post he held for 17 years. Kroc became exclusive salesman for a new invention—a milk shake "Multimixer" machine—and went around the country selling them and getting an education in restaurant management at the same time. A small hamburger restaurant in San Bernardino, Calif., owned by two brothers named McDonald, attracted his attention by purchasing eight of the machines. Kroc went out to see how this could be. He decided he could sell more machines by starting his own sure-fire hamburger outlets under a royalty arrangement with the brothers. The hamburger business mushroomed and Kroc realized where the real money was. His first McDonald was opened in Des Plaines, Ill., the second in Fresno, Calif., and the third in Reseda, Calif. The total 1955 dollar volume was 235,000. In 1971 Kroc managed to borrow enough money to pay the brothers \$2.7 million of ownership, the name, formulas, and the entire business, paying off the loan at one half of the percent of the gross, the same royalty he had been paying the McDonald's.

As a result of his deep interest in baseball, Kroc recently bought the San Diego Padres and has been the center of controversy because of his approach toward the team. Kroc, of course, had made his mark in franchising and his sporting interests pall in comparison to his achievements with McDonalds. *Hustler* sent writer and documentary filmmaker Joseph Sanders to talk with one of America's wealthiest and influential men.

HUSTLER: Your background is in sales, but you built a tremendous business that doesn't include salesmen. Or does it?

KROC: Well, I think all life is selling. You've got to sell your wife when you propose and you've got to sell her parents to accept you and sell your children, you know, constantly, and it's a matter of that type of thing. So everybody is in the selling business to some extent. But basically, no, at corporate headquarters we do not employ salesmen to sell licenses or that type of thing, although we have real estate men that have to go out and sell the company to the owner of the property to maybe to build our McDonald building on it. An improved lease.

HUSTLER: Your volume of business grows every year, which means people are coming in; they're being sold by something.

KROC: Yes. And I think that our public relations people did it. Way back we had a public relations firm in Chicago on a retainer of \$500 a month and when I don't think I was drawing that much in wages. But we had to find some way to tell the people about us other than talking about a hamburger at 15 cents. In those days, our hamburgers were 15 cents. And it is just a certain thing with people. I guess maybe it is all over the world, but in the United States it was something like, "If it isn't expensive it can't be any good." And we've seen that changed around. You know what the Volkswagon has done in the United States, and so it was that type of thing, to develop confidence in the American people, that McDonald's was a nice, clean, wholesome place to go. And this took selling, it took selling, there's no question about it. It took one devil of a lot of patience, too, I'll tell you that because that's going the long way around when you're going to sell 15-cent hamburgers by keeping the place cleaner, by eliminating the juke box, by eliminating the cigarette machine, by eliminating the vending machines and the telephone booths. These were pennies and nickels and dimes that we sorely needed. But thank goodness we resisted the temptation, because those things are what labeled oldtime places selling hamburgers as joints. So I think maybe that through this public relations thing, we got to the public. The fact that McDonald's had taken the joint out of hamburgers. That we were a decent, refined, wholesome, family-type place where little Mary couldn't go and get a package of cigarettes and say she got them at McDonald's, you know. Under age and all that sort of thing. We were no part of that. And, of course, in the beginning, we did not employ any female help unless it was the wife of the owner, or the daughter of the owner. Now, of course, that's been changed, the government laws, the women's lib and one thing and another. But, you know, in the old days, you had so-called drive-ins that employed car hops. And these were young gals who were to

look attractive, and they attracted young boys around the place who were always looking at young pretty girls. I hope that never changes, but we just didn't want to be a prop for that type of thing, so we didn't employ any of these young girls. And this was also to again make our places different.

Today, I go into a place and they say, well, there are many, many hamburger places, but there's something about McDonald's that is different. Well, that's what it is. Our windows are brighter and cleaner, because we wash them every day. And our light bulbs are cleaned and replaced whenever there is one that goes out. And the gum is scraped off the perimeter of the tile or the green cement. And the landscaping is taken care of. So it gives our places a brighter atmosphere, and people going by who just don't frequent the lower-priced hamburger places or they are not a hamburger eater. They gradually develop a respect for us and they instinctively say to themselves—well, when those people came in here I questioned it—figured, well, we're going to have a mess on our hands, but boy, they've certainly been responsible people and they've kept the place clean and they've tried to help the community and they've become an asset, and one of these days I'm going to go in there and see them.

Now, we had the most expensive, and by standards in the so-called drive-in business, we were extravagant in our stainless steel equipment. We have the finest stainless steel equipment, restaurant equipment that money could buy, because in the end, that was the most inexpensive and as stainless steel is cleaned and kept clean and polished, it becomes looking like old silver.

Well, these things impress people with food, food that they're going to put in their mouth. We had an open kitchen, you could see everything going on and we dressed these boys up in a decent looking uniform and we taught them to say "please" and "thank you." And we saw to it that they were clean, and this is selling, isn't it?

HUSTLER: But you weren't selling hamburgers, you were selling a concept of it.

KROC: That's right.

HUSTLER: You had seen beyond the hamburger. It seems to me that's what you were saying.

KROC: Of course. That was the intangible. You're talking about the most highly competitive business in the world and a business that has the greatest number of people going out of it as well as into it, and that's the restaurant business. If every restaurant operator could buy the intangibles by the pound, yard or any measurement, they'd all be successful. Because there are no exclusives; you know, light, heat, sugar, water, coffee, you know, any of these things are available to everybody. But, you know, if you're going to have

French fried potatoes, the potato itself is important, the total amount of solids in the potato, so you have to get premium quality potatoes. Then potatoes are mostly water, but there are potatoes that are 15% solid and there are potatoes that are 22% solid. Well, we saw to it that we got 22% solid, because obviously you can't fry water.

The coffee people will tell you that the first prerequisite in making a good cup of coffee is to have a clean cooking coffee pot. That must be clean and sterile. That's the beginning. There are many other factors, of course, but this is fundamental so that these intangibles of the atmosphere and the wholesomeness and the courtesies and the pleasantries and the gum scraped off from under the tables and under the seats and on the floor and the corners and all that sort of thing, that's what makes the difference.

HUSTLER: What you're talking about then in this concept with all of these intangibles plus the follow-through. What you are selling doesn't stop when people come in, but it continues, as you say, as the company, as the store makes an impression in the community and becomes part of the betterment to the community. It keeps itself continually clean, and if there is a certain amount of follow-through that's part of the success.

KROC: Well, of course, you're talking about the proof of the pudding now, because unless these people develop a respect and confidence for you, they don't return. And so many people in many lines of business get started with a lot of hoopla and gimmicks and one thing and another and they can sell anybody. Almost anybody, the first time.

Now, what they do to develop the impelling feeling on the part of that customer to return, and a very important part of McDonald's is the fact that we depend very much on figures of comparative figures. Our sales will continue to go up as long as we continue to expand with new operations, and this is as far as I can see into the future. And people say, well, how much business can you really do and that sort, and we don't know. We keep pushing the walls out a little bit and expanding the equipment and so forth and so on and there are no limits, you know. There's no such thing as saturation, except for a sponge, because conditions continue to change, and so where some of the analysts were involved in projecting on a fixed base a point of saturation, are now talking in terms of penetration for McDonald's. Not saturation.

So that constant change and so forth. So McDonald's is getting confidence with the people and becoming a habit. I think another intangible with McDonald's is that we become a sort of a something that they kind of develop a loyalty to. Some of these youngsters that grow up with us, they feel like a Benedict Arnold if they

go to any place else but McDonald's. It's like a family that was raised with Sears, Roebuck with the old mail order thing. Well, holy mackerel, from great grandfather to grandfather to father, you know this has become part of their life.

HUSTLER: When you bought the first McDonald's and saw the risk. Especially at the age of 52, it must have been a difficult decision to leave security. How do you deal with a decision?

KROC: Well, let me go back a little farther. I started with Lily Tulip Cup when I was 20 years old and I was married when I was 20 years old, so that was really the beginning of my business career and kind of a development. I stayed with them until 1937 and in 1938 I left them, that is, the end of the year of 1937. Now, I was making \$10,000 a year and had an automobile usage, a regular family car usage that was for my business, which I also used for my own pleasure, except on long trips, I didn't use it but, I left that to open my own business. Now, there is where I had security, but don't forget, I was 37 years old and I felt that I did not have the future with Lily Tulip Cup Corporation with the New York Company and if I was promoted with the company into a more executive position, meaning moving to New York, which I was interested in doing, and I felt that there were factors involving that job with that company that had its limitations for me and therefore, I wanted to step out and open my own business. Now, a customer of mine, Earl Prince of Prince Castle Ice Cream, had patented and designed a multimixer and he wanted a sales organization for world-wide distribution. He was going to manufacture and ship for the sales agent and have no salesmen or anything else and I would take his entire output and he would bill me for everything that was shipped on my order and I would pay him. So that's the way I started in the beginning of 1938, with the multimixer. And that was when you might say, I really left security and I suppose security is the obligation of somebody else to give you, or pay you once every week or two weeks, or once a month so much in weight, because when you go into business for yourself, you have no guarantee that you will be able to pay you, so actually the transition from multimixer into McDonald's, because I still owned the Multimixer Company, when I took over McDonald's. I still owned it, so I did not go out of that and add any security, but to open McDonald's, I opened McDonald's in April of 1955. Actually, I made the deal with McDonald Brothers in 1954, started construction on the first unit in Des Plaines, Illinois in the fall, or November of 1954, and I opened April of 1955. And I was then 52 and in October of that year I was 53 years old. So I don't think it was a question of the security, I think it was the question of the commitment of the liability that you would take for 52 or 53. The amount of money,

the dissipation of what you had. I didn't have any money. I had my own home with a mortgage on it, furniture was paid for, we had two cars in the family. I had no investments, bonds, stocks, or real estate, well, I didn't have any money. What it meant was to obligate myself and take the risk in the future liability. And this I never had any second thoughts about.

I think maybe, Joe, that many men would like to do many things and are held back by a guilty conscience of their duty and obligation to their wife and children. And I suppose there are wives who would say, if a man 52 or 53 years old obligated the family fortune, would say to him, or at least he would feel that she had said it, "How could you do this to me? How could you risk everything that we've got and our home and this comfort for your own ego?"

I think this is a natural restraint on some men that maybe don't have the confidence in themselves, you know, to do this. A lot of people say, well, it's easy for this one to get richer because he starts with rich and you know, he just gets richer, but they don't realize that the liability for somebody who is already rich, why would he risk it? If it wasn't for the adventure and so forth. And in most cases, in most cases, at least people that I know, they don't risk it, they get richer. That's a fallacy. That's a fallacy. He can only eat one steak at a time and put on one pair of pants at a time and I don't care what the fabric is. He can drive one car at a time, so that's a lot of hokey. No, the satisfaction, the pride of accomplishment, you know, it must be a great thing for a mile runner to break the record, huh? How much tangible money does that guy get when he breaks the record. Now, he's out of breath, and you know, he's practically spent, see, and there's no money there. There's no money at the end of that wire when he breaks it, there's no money. So I think that this is something that is in everybody and how they bring it out. Look at the number of people that have become camera fiends. Holy mackerel, you go on a cruise and they have special buses for these camera guys. They wander off in all directions, they don't know what's happening, what time it is, and they're going and boy they're photographing. Now, a lot of these people could have been great camera men in the industry, or they could have been great additions to maybe as employees or executives for Kodak or Polaroid or who, because here's the great hobby for them that they should really get involved in. If you want to hire professional photographers, you have to pay them quite a bit of money and here are these guys working for nothing. Just to take pictures. So I think that kind of explains—that's where the seed of entrepreneurship begins to develop. Of finding out something that you like to do and play with it.

HUSTLER: I imagine when you first went into business and in the early development

of McDonald's, there was a certain amount of either failure or fear of failure, or something involved with it and I just wonder if there was any time in your life when fear or failure played a significant role in your life, and if it had any positive value for you, what kind of feelings you might have about the relationship of failure to success.

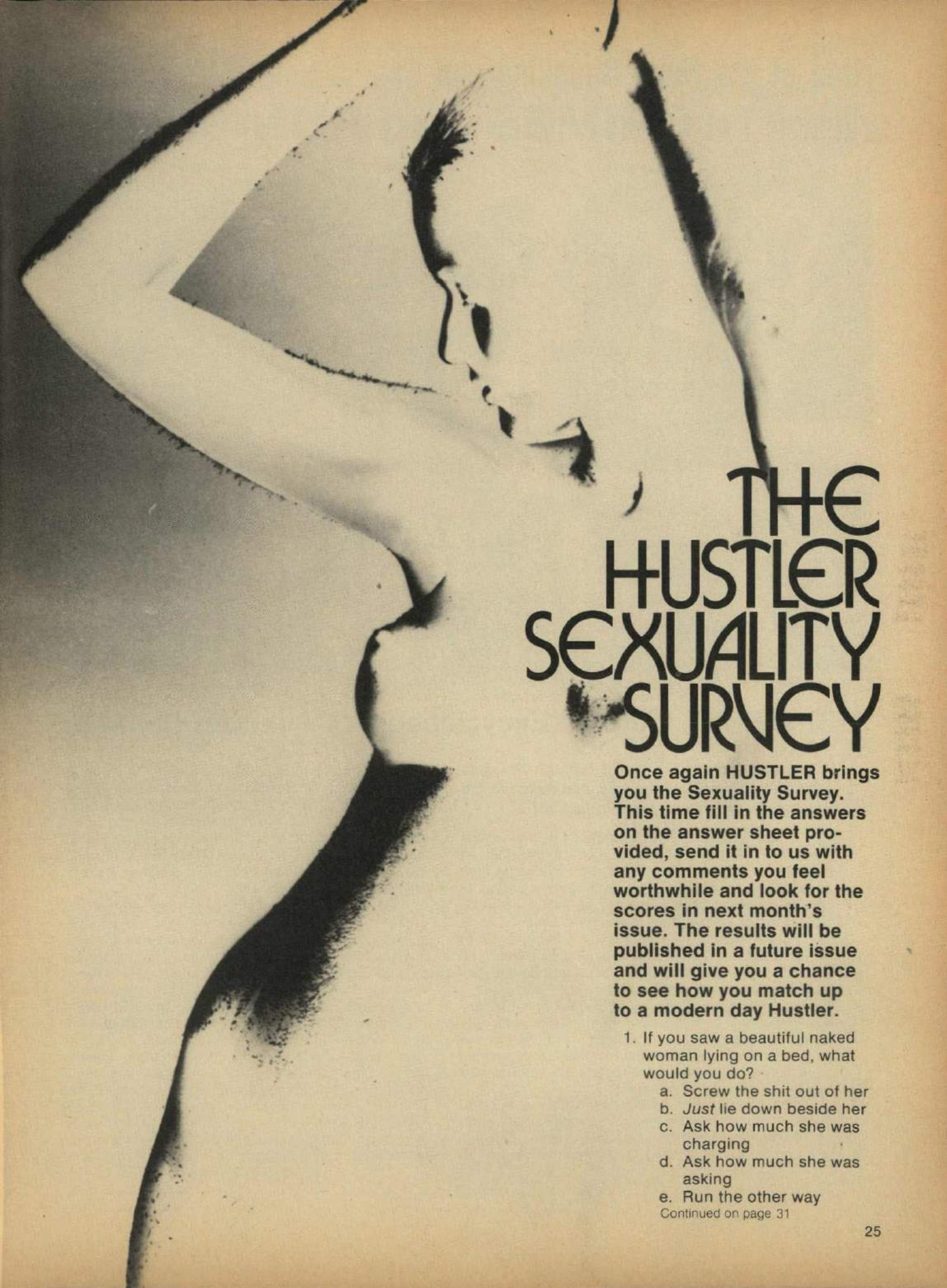
KROC: Well, I suppose deep down inside of everybody there are some fears about certain things. Some people fear the hereafter. Some people fear the dentist, you know, and on and on. In my particular case, as a salesman, I learned at a young age to overcome these fears. I think that the best defense for fears is offense. You've seen football teams that have built up a fairly good lead in the first half and come out and become a defensive team in the second and lose by one, two or three points in the football game. They lose that aggressiveness. They lose that offensive and they become defensive and they give in. Psychologically, now we've got to hold together and keep them from scoring. Now we've got enough lead so we don't have to get any more. We just have to keep them, see.

This is a form of fear that replaces optimism and aggressiveness and going forward by standing pat and becoming defensive, so it would be hard to find a successful salesman, who is afraid to go up and introduce himself to a prospective buyer. These are fundamentals that you've got to learn in the kindergarten and primary grades of public relations. That is relating to the people and the public and to go forward, and one of the toughest things in the world for a salesman to do who is self-conscious to that extent is to ask for the order.

HUSTLER: Why?

KROC: Those four words. Well, he can talk about it and he can tell all the great things about it, but he never brings it. You know, it's like a comedian who doesn't know how to get off the stage. There are people that make a speech and they just don't know where to quit or when to quit, or, you know, they bring them up to a point and they go them all inspired and they're applauding, but they don't quit, you know, and then they begin to level off and then they begin to slide down a little bit and instead of leaving them yearning for more, they leave them where they are beginning to drift out, to get a smoke, or get a drink of water, or something, you see. So I think that this doubt and fears, and Calamity Jane type of thing, there is a little bit in all of us, but this is something that in a person who can be a salesman, would have to have an extroverted personality and would have to work at this so that he can go up and in a courteous way meet anybody and tell them of what he's got and what he thinks this could do for them and then say, "May I please have your order so I can serve you and prove that this will do that?" But to get that fel-

Continued on page 82



THE HUSTLER SEXUALITY SURVEY

Once again HUSTLER brings you the Sexuality Survey. This time fill in the answers on the answer sheet provided, send it in to us with any comments you feel worthwhile and look for the scores in next month's issue. The results will be published in a future issue and will give you a chance to see how you match up to a modern day Hustler.

1. If you saw a beautiful naked woman lying on a bed, what would you do?
 - a. Screw the shit out of her
 - b. *Just* lie down beside her
 - c. Ask how much she was charging
 - d. Ask how much she was asking
 - e. Run the other way

Continued on page 31

One of the Most Shocking and Candid Books Ever Written is Volume 1 of **CRIMES and PUNISHMENT**

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Don HESTER

"Gosh, another special delivery letter for OCCUPANT."



ADVICE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is devoted to reader feedback concerning questions that are on our readers' minds but are difficult to discuss with anyone due to the personal nature of the inquiry. Direct all letters to: Advise & Consent Editor, Hustler, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

I've got a lover who treats my clit like he was operating some air hammer. I haven't said anything because I thought I'd learn to like it, that maybe I'm just unusually sensitive. What do you think?

Linda Poland
Minneapolis, Minnesota

The clitoris is very sensitive on all women. Next time, tell your man what doesn't feel good—and what does, so he won't feel rejected.

For about six months I've been living with this girl who really has a thing about cleanliness. Sometimes she'll even get up in the middle of the night to clean the apartment. She says she has to do something when she can't fall asleep, but I think it's pretty weird to dust when there's no dust to be seen. (She's always cleaning what's already clean) After awhile, I noticed this container of liquid Lux that she keeps on the edge of the tub. At first I thought it was for laundering clothes, but then it came out that it was for laundering herself! She douches every day with Lux! Now, I'm no gynecologist or psychiatrist, but it seems to me that something's wrong... Address your response to her, and I'll see that she reads it.

Phil O'Malley
Cincinnati, Ohio

Doctors now believe that routine douching even with water destroys the natural acidity in the vagina. To make sure that no harm has been done to your system, have a gynecologist examine you, and, if you

would like to curb your drive for purity, a psychoanalyst may be of some help.

I just met this girl who loves sucking me off. She will do it anywhere and everywhere—honest! The last time she did it, I was driving her home from work. There is no controlling this girl, but the thing is I don't want to! Is it dangerous to have an orgasm while driving?

Bud Willis
Galesburg, Illinois

Not if someone else is behind the wheel.

Is it true that smoking marijuana makes men sterile?

Ginny Bowman
Salt Lake City, Utah

Not exactly. Masters and Johnson have noted that marijuana cuts down on fertility in men—that smoking one joint will reduce the level of testosterone (the male sex hormone) by 30 percent for 48 hours.

Please don't print my name because my mother would kill me. My husband really has a problem. I thought you might be able to help. My husband plays with himself all the time. We hardly ever make love. He is also jealous of me. He says I act trappy whenever I'm not with him. He says when I'm with him I act like my mother. How can I get him to be with me more and forget about himself?

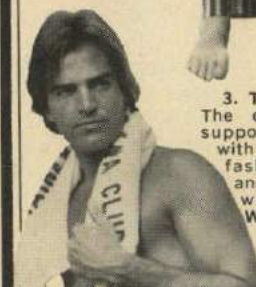
B.R.
Birmingham, Alabama

Some men see a mother under every rock. The thing about rocks is that you have to lift them up to see under them. Apparently your husband is able to think of women either as tramps or as mothers. See if you can get your husband to go with you to a marriage counselor or a psychiatrist. If not, go yourself. Or tell him to go to hell.

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ADVICE & CONSENT

Continued from page 29

I've heard that being tied up during sex is a real turn-on. I'd like to try it, but I don't know how to do it without frightening my girlfriend. Any advice?

W. V.

Mansfield, Ohio

It's true, bondage can be exciting, especially if the bondee knows it's all in fun, and agrees to it. Approach it as a loving game, not as a punishment. There's not much titillation in actual slavery, at least not for the slave. First, you need a bed with bedposts and a couple of pillows. Then, something to tie your partner with, such as straps, ribbons, soft ropes, pajama cords. Tie your partner's hands and feet, then proceed with whatever type of sex play turns you both on the most. Be careful not to hurt each other, and never, never tie anything around each other's neck.

Jan Morris, the British writer who recently changed from a man into a woman, says that gender is more important than sex. What's the difference?

T. A.

Billings, Montana

Ms. Morris loves a little mystery, and we're not all that clear ourselves on her definitions. We think, though, that when she says "gender" she means "femininity" and "masculinity" in the pre-women's lib sense, and when she says "sex" she means "female" and "male" in the physical sense. There must be a lot more to it than that, but we're in the business of publishing magazines, not books.

My husband is a relatively successful man, but somewhat introverted. We have had several happy years of marriage. A few times, I have noticed that my clothes in bureau drawers did not seem to be the way I had left them. And occasionally I found a couple of my things in his drawers, but I didn't think too much about it.

One night last month I came home and found him dressed in my clothes—dress, underwear, panty hose, and shoes. He told me that he loves to dress up like this on occasion and, although he knows it's not a good thing, he can't stop. I don't know if he has ever gone out on the street like that, but when I imagine it, it makes me physically ill. Our sex life has become almost nothing.

We are good Catholics and don't want to consider divorce. He won't see a doctor. I feel like my life is ruined. I am writing in the hope that some of your readers have experienced what I am going through and can help me. I am ashamed

to talk to anyone, even a priest.

B. T.

Kenosha, Wisconsin

Without knowing more about your husband's background, and yours, we hesitate to give any specific advice. We do know, however, that sometimes just dressing as a woman in the privacy of his bedroom is enough release for the man in question, and things never go beyond that. Some couples enjoy dressing in each other's clothes once in a while, and making it a game takes the guilt out of the fantasy. You might want to consider trying it. Watch this column for answers from our readers in the future. In the meantime, play it cool. This problem, like any other, will ruin your life only if you let it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Your premier issue of HUSTLER was not what the name implied—the magazine was not a hustle, but a sheer delight! While the content was basic, I did enjoy the interviews with Paul McCartney and Ben Gazzara. Hopefully as your magazine matures, more enlightening content will be made available to the reader. Your main strength lies in your photos. The black nyloned, gartered, high-heeled, sensuous beauties are heads and shoulders above similar type publications in erotic appeal. And that's where it's at, right?? Please stay in that vein and I am sure that your success will be assured.

KENNETH E. WALTERS

Lakewood, Ohio

Just a suggestion for your magazine. How about featuring housewives as models. You would be surprised at the number of male readers who find the average woman much more alluring, attractive and sexy than some of the "young stereotyped models" featured in most publications today.

JOHN MAC MASTER

Hartford, Connecticut

(Many of our models are happily married housewives.)

I just saw your magazine and think that it looks terrific. For just a newcomer to this field I think you already show great potential and I am looking forward to seeing your future issues. I really am tired of being hustled by other magazines and feel that you have a good thing going.

H. R. OLINSKI

Reno, Nevada

BITS & PIECES

Continued from page 7

and if you have money you can set aside

for ten years or so, consider:

1. Talking to a coin dealer about buying gold and foreign coins. (They will be a good buy for another year.) When the dollar is worth little more than a plugged nickel, you'll be sitting pretty on your bag of coins.

2. Putting your money in a Swiss Bank. Make that two Swiss Banks, for further security. This is another way of slowing down the devaluation of your savings. Look for the banks that are used to dealing with Americans—you have a handful to choose from. Swiss banks are as easy for Americans to deal with as any out-of-state bank.

3. Looking for a place in the country you can flee to when the price of flour is a dollar and people are rioting in the streets.

Our own household hints in six steps

For those of you who have suffered countless and unbearable injuries while moving heavy objects, *Hustler* offers helpful hints gleaned from kinetics:

1. Relax. A tensed-up body is more susceptible to injury.

2. Face the carton to be lifted, placing your left foot on one side and your right foot so that it is pointed toward the front side. For you left-footers out there, an alternative approach is available: Place your right foot on the side and point your left foot toward the front. Now, inch your feet around and locate them in positions of maximum comfort. (Remember to relax.) Look at your feet. Your rear foot should be naturally pointing away from your forward foot.

3. Now squat. A bent back here is a no-no. By tucking in your chin slightly, you can form a straight line from the back of your head to your buttocks. (Ask someone to check your straight-line position.) Now let's think about your feet. Your weight should be evenly dispersed from tip-toe to heel. Is it?

4. Tilt the carton forward slightly and grasp the bottom right corner with your right hand. Use a hearty palm grip, not the patsy fingertip type. (Are you still in straightline position?) With your left hand, reach around to the outer left hand corner of the carton and palm-grasp it. Your hands should be located on diagonally opposite corners.

5. Now you're ready to begin lifting. (Relax.) Push off on your rear foot and continue pushing by straightening your now-bent legs. Keep the carton close to your body as your legs straighten.

6. When the legs are straight, step forward off the rear foot. You are now moving the carton! Keep it close to your body, so that the weight is on your legs. Can you walk normally? If not, then you have picked up a carton that is too heavy. Immediately, proceed through the six steps, this time in reverse, before you injure yourself.

THE HUSTLER SEXUALITY SURVEY

2. Which of these fantasies most appeals to you?

- a. A threesome—2 women and you
- b. A threesome—you, another man and a woman
- c. Screwing your dog
- d. Making it with a 14 year old
- e. Screwing in a boat or plane
- f. (Other) _____

3. A sensuous look from which of the following would tend to arouse you?

- a. Tina Turner
- b. Your mother
- c. An old teacher
- d. Your boss
- e. None of the above

4. Where is your favorite place for acting out your fantasies?

- a. On top of the dryer while it is running
- b. While naked on top of a big block of ice
- c. Under water
- d. On a fur rug
- e. In the back seat of a car
- f. (Other) _____

5. What do you find is a necessary accessory?

- a. A whip, spiked heels and a leather outfit
- b. A dildo or vibrator
- c. A piece of fruit—banana, apple
- d. A lacey, lingerie ensemble
- e. Nothing at all

6. What is your favorite condiment with oral sex?

- a. Chocolate sauce or honey
- b. Whipped cream and nuts
- c. Tabasco sauce
- d. Excrement
- e. Vegetable oil

7. What type of nourishment do you enjoy before having sex?

- a. Wine or a drink
- b. Baked beans
- c. Chocolate-covered insects
- d. Hi-protein meal
- e. Nothing

8. After sex?

- a. Breath freshener
- b. A cigarette
- c. Anything

- d. A drink
- e. Nothing

9. What is your favorite position?

- a. Doggy
- b. Missionary
- c. Woman superior
- d. In a chair
- e. Hanging from a chandelier
- f. (Other) _____

10. Which of the following appeals to you most?

- a. Long-necked wine bottle
- b. Watermelon
- c. Roll of tape
- d. Empty receptacle—bottle, vase
- e. Half a pound of liver

11. Which of the following places would you go to pick up your type of girl?

- a. A grade school
- b. A swingers party
- c. A street corner
- d. An over 30's dance
- e. Home

12. Where in your favorite room do you enjoy having sex?

- a. In a full bathtub in the bathroom
- b. On top of the table in the diningroom
- c. Inside the piano case in the livingroom
- d. On top of a warm stove in the kitchen
- e. In the washtubs of the basement
- f. (Other) _____

13. Looking at which of the following would turn you off?

- a. Pat Nixon
- b. Your mother-in-law
- c. Your wife
- d. Your girlfriend in the morning
- e. Martha Mitchell
- f. (Other) _____

14. What is your favorite type of beverage?

- a. Bloody Mary
- b. Scotch on the Rocks
- c. Milk
- d. Shot and a beer
- e. Lemonade

15. Would you ever make it with a man in a group scene?

- a. Yes
- b. No
- c. Never

16. What type of foreplay do you enjoy most?

- a. Fellatio
- b. Cunnilingus
- c. Mutual masturbation
- d. Anal probing
- e. None—I like to get right to the point

17. Which animal would you most want to play around with if there was nothing better?

- a. Sheep
- b. Porcupine
- c. Skunk
- d. Grizzly bear
- e. Chicken
- f. (Other) _____

18. I would have sex with my mother?

- a. Yes
- b. No
- c. Maybe

19. I feel that a man's only sexual limitations are in his mind:

- a. Yes
- b. No

20. The least sexy part of a woman is her

- a. Toes
- b. Anus
- c. Arm pit
- d. Appendectomy scar
- e. Ears
- f. (Other) _____

21. What is your biggest hang up?

- a. Oral sex
- b. Catching a dose
- c. Gay lib
- d. Anal sex
- e. Your wife

22. You found your first sexual experience to be

- a. Extremely fulfilling
- b. A waste of time
- c. Frustrating
- d. The very best
- e. Can't remember that far back

23. Marriage is outmoded

- a. Yes
- b. No
- c. Just for me

24. What kind of man do you think yourself as being?

- a. Suave and debonair
- b. Rough and ready
- c. Homely but nice
- d. Intellectually inclined
- e. Gay

25. Are your answers to this questionnaire representative of how you truly feel?

- a. Yes
- b. No
- c. For right now

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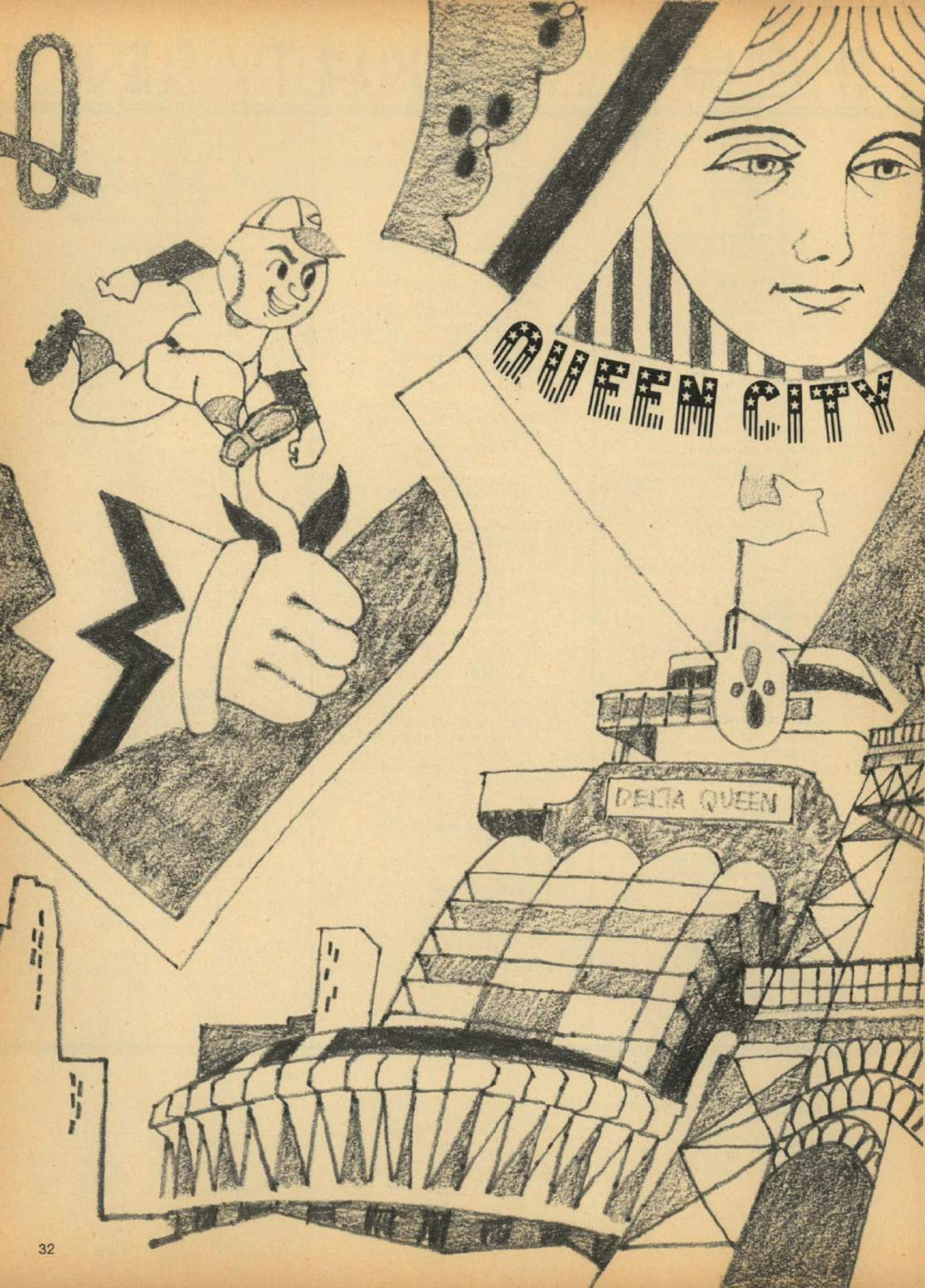
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it's about time CINCINNATI got some attention!

By Ed Ward

Listen, I'm not the only one who goes to Cincinnati. I know for a fact that John Lennon goes there, too. Very reliable sources. Nobody seems to know what he does there or where he goes once he's there, though. Maybe he goes to Eden Park, to the Art Institute. He walks through the double set of doors and keeps walking straight ahead. He walks into the rooms housing the Egyptian art collection. He walks past the array of Egyptian deities into the next room. He stops in front of the sculpted Head Of A Noblewoman. She looks just like Yoko.

He walks into the room in which are displayed illuminated pages of the Persian *Qābus Nāme*, the Book of Good Counsel, written in 1082. He reads, "Travel and old age are not good friends. Therefore, travel while you are young."

He walks upstairs and looks at the playing cards, displayed by the United States Playing Card Company, manufacturers of Bicycle Brand Playing Cards, a Cincinnati industry. He walks downstairs again, and out the door. From the Egyptian collection, the head of Bast, the Cat Goddess, winks at him, he does not see her.

Cincinnati is one of the culinary capitals of the United States. It has more Michelin-rated five-star restaurants than any other city in the country—two, the Pigalle and La Maisonette. I've never been to either of them, the consensus being that people of my hair-length and general demeanor are not particularly welcome there. That's okay. I know I'm welcome in the Celestial Restaurant, which sits on the ground floor of a luxury highrise apartment building called the Highland Towers, perching atop Mount Adams overlooking downtown and River Stadium and, of course, the river. My friend Zimmerman and I are having dinner. He has Red Snapper Almondine and I have Truite étouffé au Fruits de Mer, and we are drinking an excellent French chablis, the

house white. At the next table a bunch of French businessmen are having seafood salad with Beaujolais. "Hardly great cuisine," one of them remarks, "but certainly good eating." Bah! How can he tell? Anyway, he's half right. The cocktail waitress is beautiful. She's from India and once she asked Zimmerman to marry her so she could stay in the country.

There are German restaurants, too, mainly because there are lots of Germans, most of whom live in a district called "Over the Rhine" in remembrance of a canal that is now covered by the Central Parkway. Wursts, hot slaw, Sauerbrauten, dumplings, and beer. Cincinnati makes a lot of beer: Weidemann's, Schoenling, Burger, and Hudepohl are the leading brands. Only Hudepohl gives brewery tours, on Monday and Tuesday, but the Burger plant is built over some Artesian wells.

And for lunch there is chili. Skyline Chili is the most famous brand, and rightly so. A chain, run by Greeks, it seems to be everywhere. You can order it five different ways, and an order of Five-Way will give you layers of (starting from the bottom) spaghetti, chili, onions, cheese, and beans. There is no fire at all in Skyline Chili, and, while it is certainly not great cuisine, it is most assuredly good eating, and an order of Five-Way costs only 90¢. Or, if you prefer, Pia's on Mount Adams makes classic Italian sandwiches.

A short drive out of the city is the town of Lebanon, which boasts the Golden Lamb, Ohio's oldest inn. It was started and run by Shakers for many years, but since Shakers believed that the Lord would provide them with children if they led good, but celibate lives, there aren't any more Shakers around the Golden Lamb. It's now run by the same folks who run La Maisonette, and the country cooking there is five-star in my book, anyway. Downstairs, you can buy some of Ohio's famous relishes: corn relish, sauerkraut

relish, hot bean salad, and dilly Brussels sprouts. And if the meal there wipes you out, you can rent a room upstairs. If the guy behind the desk likes you, and if nobody else had done so yet, you can rent one of the historical rooms named for famous former tenants—Charles Dickens (he hated it, especially the Shakers), DeWitt Clinton, various Presidents, and an Ohio legislator who blew his head off in a courtroom demonstrating that his client might not have shot the deceased—the deceased could have done it himself, like . . . this!

"Do the Pan American Boogie

Lordy, Lordy what a train!

Takes off from Cincinnati

And boogies down to New Orleans."

—*"Pan American Boogie,"*

by the Delmore Brothers,

©Lois Publishing, BMI

Some Cincinnatians will try and tell you that Symphony Hall is the most elegant building in town, but don't believe them. I knew it was Union Station from the second I pulled up in front of it. It's an Art Deco cathedral, a monument to a past age, rendered in American Mussolini Monumental. There's even a time capsule buried in the front of it, to be opened in 1985. The Pan American may not boogie down to New Orleans any more, but Union Station stands. In fact, the last Amtrak train left at 11 AM on Saturday, October 28, 1972.

Union Station was built during the Depression with WPA funds, and it's a work of art. Pass through the portals, and you are in another time. The first thing I saw was a barber shop with massive stainless steel chairs just waiting for some gangster to get shot in one of them. It was closed, and there was a thin film of dust on the windows. And then there is the rotunda. Above the ticket agents' windows are two huge murals. The panel on the left, says the guidebook, "expresses symbolically the development of our country from the early Indian days to our present industrial era," while the one on the right, "although expressive of all of America, is more specifically involved in the development of the Ohio River Valley and of Cincinnati." Done in colored stucco and mosaic by one Winold Reiss, born in the Black Forest in 1886, and who came to America in 1913 to study and paint the American Indian, they are every bit as bad as you think they are, but they're so *big* that, like the monstrosities in New York's Rockefeller Center, you can't help but be in awe of them.

Concrete and chromium trim, a religious edifice devoted entirely to the sacraments of departure and arrival, Union Station's chief money-making scheme these days is an old-time burlesque and movie theatre with an ancient theatre organ. There exists another potential money-maker in the terminal, too—a former "game room" done entirely in tiles from

the famed (and now departed) Rookwood Pottery Company, which was located across the street from the Celestial Restaurant. The tiles are green, and they depict flowers and vegetables abuzz with bees and dragonflies. I stared in the windows a long time, making out what I could in the darkness, thinking of what a wonderful bar it would make. In fact, the whole terminal is ripe for restoration along the lines of San Francisco's Cannery or Underground Atlanta.

Seemingly, nobody cares about Union Station. The waiting room, with its fourteen Reiss murals depicting Cincinnati's industries (Procter & Gamble, Baldwin Piano, United States Playing Cards, Cincinnati Milling Machine Company) was torn down after the last train left. A group of concerned citizens had saved the murals at least, but the Art Institute said they were by a third-rate artist (no argument there), and an appeal to the Smithsonian Institute, which had expressed some interest in opening a branch museum in Union Station, resulted in "nothing definite." The "Save the Station" volunteer girl who told me that was unfazed, though. "Nothing definite is a way of life here," she said with a shrug.

Jim Tarbel was working on some kind of youth board for the city in the summer of 1967, looking for things to keep the youth of Cincinnati happy during the summer, and he hit on the idea of hiring the Grateful Dead for a free concert in the park. That concert brought the Cincinnati freak community out of hiding, and there they stood, digging each other. Needless to say, Tarbel got fired for his little coup, and he took off east for a while. While he was gone, the city's first psychedelic dungeon, the Black Dome, and first underground radio station, Bo Wood's WEBN, got going. Both institutions were notable for being so far away from the arbiters of Hip that they wound up being very open-minded about the music they presented and, hence, giving some very good—and very bad—shows.

Then Tarbel came back to town and opened a rock emporium of his own in Clifton, and called it the Ludlow Garage. The Black Dome had turned first into the Soul Shack and then into a parking lot. The Garage was just that—an old garage with oriental carpets on the floor and a bunch of huge rocking chairs that made ordinary human beings seated in them look like Raggedy Ann dolls. For a while, things went smoothly, but rock was rapidly becoming Big Business, and Tarbel found—as did Bill Graham soon afterward—that the decent acts, the acts with drawing power, were charging too much for his small operation, preferring to work the larger halls where they could really pack 'em in.

So Jim closed up the Garage and went out of business. He virtually disappeared, in fact. But I heard that he and his freinds

and whoever else dropped by had a kind of pot-luck dinner once a week at his place, and, curious, I dropped by.

The first thing that struck me was how good he looked. Relaxed, calm, smiling like to crack his face open. His place, located amidst a confusing mass of warehouses, is decorated entirely with cast-offs obtained from garbage piles and wrecking firms, and his clothes are the cream of the pickings from second-hand shops. In one corner, a guitar-maker was showing off his wares. A fifty-year old eccentric was discussing hats with an ethereally beautiful girl. And there was Jim Tarbel, smiling.

"I just stepped back and took a long, hard look at things," he told me. "And then I decided, well, never mind. Just never mind. Those big-time cats, who wants to play with them? So I moved down here and I've been happy ever since." To earn a little bread on the side he refinishes furniture, most of which he buys from wreckers and sells to antique stores.

"Now, all those people back there," says Margaret the witch as we rocket down an alley away from the party in her car, squashing rats, "a lot of them they've either failed or else just threw up their hands and said FUCK IT! And you know, the thing that makes the people in this city different is the fact that they're not *afraid* to do that, or else, if they fail, it doesn't freak them for the rest of their lives." It's true.

A little while later, she says, "It's a Scorpio city, have you noticed that? Very reserved, shy almost, with lots and lots of power under the surface." That's true, too.

Here's something you should do, especially if you go to Cincinnati in the fall when the foliage is out, but actually any time of year is good. Starting in Fountain Square, follow the signs that say QCT, and you will be on the Queen City Tour. No, I don't know why it's called the Queen City, nor do I know where the King City is. But the Queen City Tour will take you on a comprehensive automotive tour of the city, and you'll get to see most everything there is to see from a tourist standpoint. There must be a booklet or tour guide of some sort, but every time I called the Chamber of Commerce to find out, they put me on hold until the switchboard automatically disconnected.

What the Queen City Tour does, besides showing you such goodies as Union Station, Symphony Hall, the University, and Mount Adams, is to take you to as many of Cincinnati's parks as possible. Seemingly, the Founding Fathers decreed there be a park in every place there was a good view of the river. And there is. "My," I thought, sitting overlooking the city, the river, and rural-looking Kentucky in Mt. Echo Park, "what a nice place this would be to park with your girlfriend and make

Continued on page 89



Photo by Laurie

Lorrie



Lorrie delightfully slid between the covers of THE HUSTLER only to share with us her tender secrets. A native of Chicago and a model, she enjoys touring and traveling. "I have always been used to big buildings and thousands of people around. In fact, I guess I was pretty naive because I





thought all cities were like Chicago until I did some traveling. I was surprised to find buildings no taller than 10 floors and those were the big ones. Nevertheless, I really dig Chi-town. It's really where things are happening and so much to do anytime, night or day. There are also a lot of opportunities for a model."

This brown eyed beauty feels very comfortable in front of a camera and hopes to get a part in a film some day. "I really feel free and easy when I'm being photographed. I guess I really like flirting with the one-eyed voyeur. I also like knowing that I'll be seen by many people, either dressed in the newest fashions or dressed in nothing at all. I just feel like taking them all into my arms and wrapping myself around them."

While in high school, Lorrie played the guitar in a rock band and finds great satisfaction in it. "While sitting by the waves of Lake Michigan I enjoy grooving on the vibes. It's a great way to establish peace of mind after a hectic day. Of course, there are other pleasures in the guitar. While I'm plucking away, I like to place the base portion on my thigh and press it up towards my tits."





With my arms wrapped around the entire body of the instrument I get a better vantage point for diddling around, with the strings of course. After a while of hugging it close to my bare flesh, I usually continue on to longer and better times."

Being a beautiful child of the universe, she also is hung up on nature. "My whole apartment is filled with plants of all kinds. The life of the plants seems to generate an entire aura of their own and it makes the place so much warmer and friendlier. I love being outside gardening, walking or canoeing down a quiet creek. What a great feeling to just take a deep breath of clean, fresh air (when you can find it), a deep look at Mother Nature doing her thing and a deep reflection into oneself."

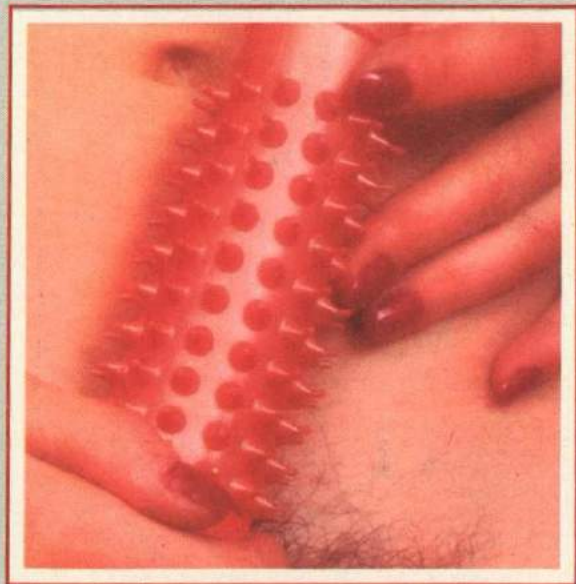






"That's a cheap trick, Alice—Singing OUR SONG!"

Play Things



On our nation's highways and roads the entire country moves on rubber. In the bedroom the situation seems to be the same.

Used to increase and heighten the sexual pleasure of both men and women; dildos, vibrators, etc. may be used by either party for the benefit of the other or oneself.

Sexual novelties have been around for quite some time. Dildos date back to the age of the Greeks where they were made of leather and used by a number of women because of their expense. Women are pictured in Babylonian sculptures tightly gripping the fake member of life. During the middle ages and specifically around the 12th century women were punished for using such devices.

Materials have ranged from leather, glass, velvet and metal to today's variations of soft and hard plastic.

Not only has the material changed but also the various sizes and shapes. Straight and narrow dildos for the use of one or more participants, slightly curved to give that subtle rolling feeling, and the popular French style ticklers which provide a distinct feeling stimulated by the long tenacles and bristles.



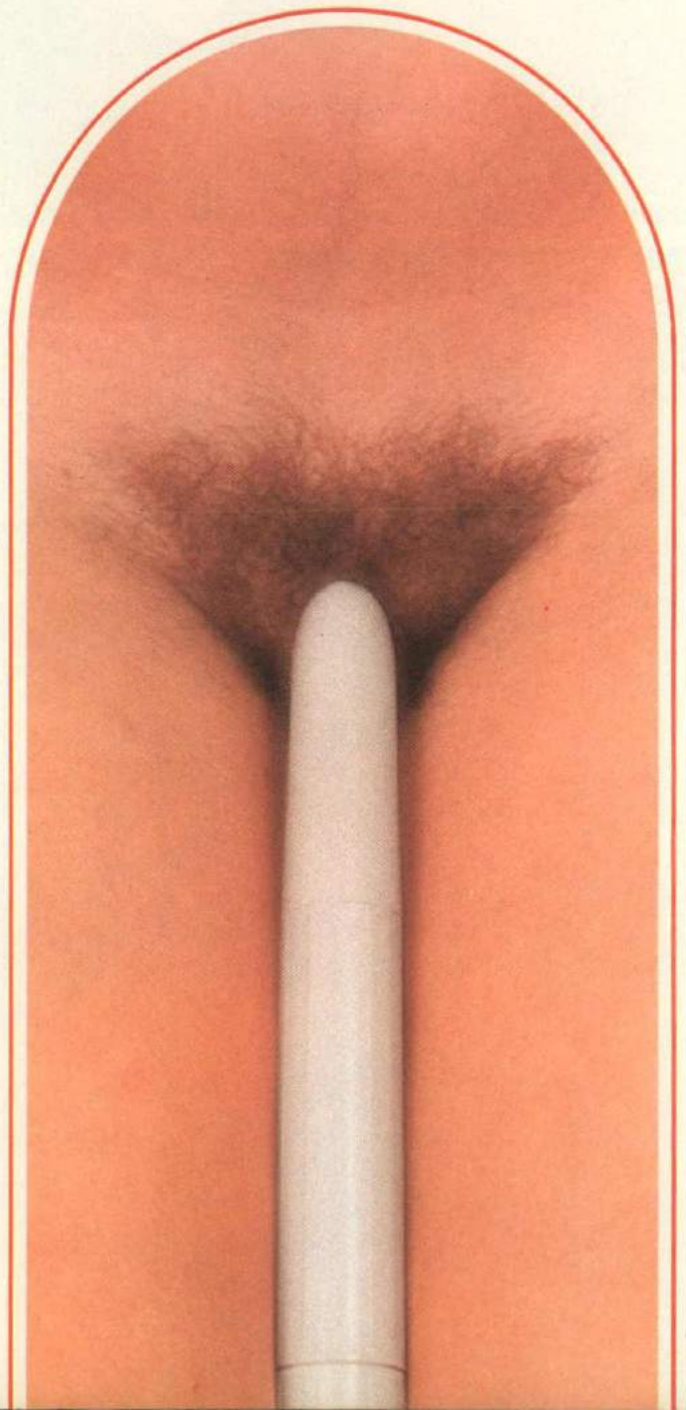
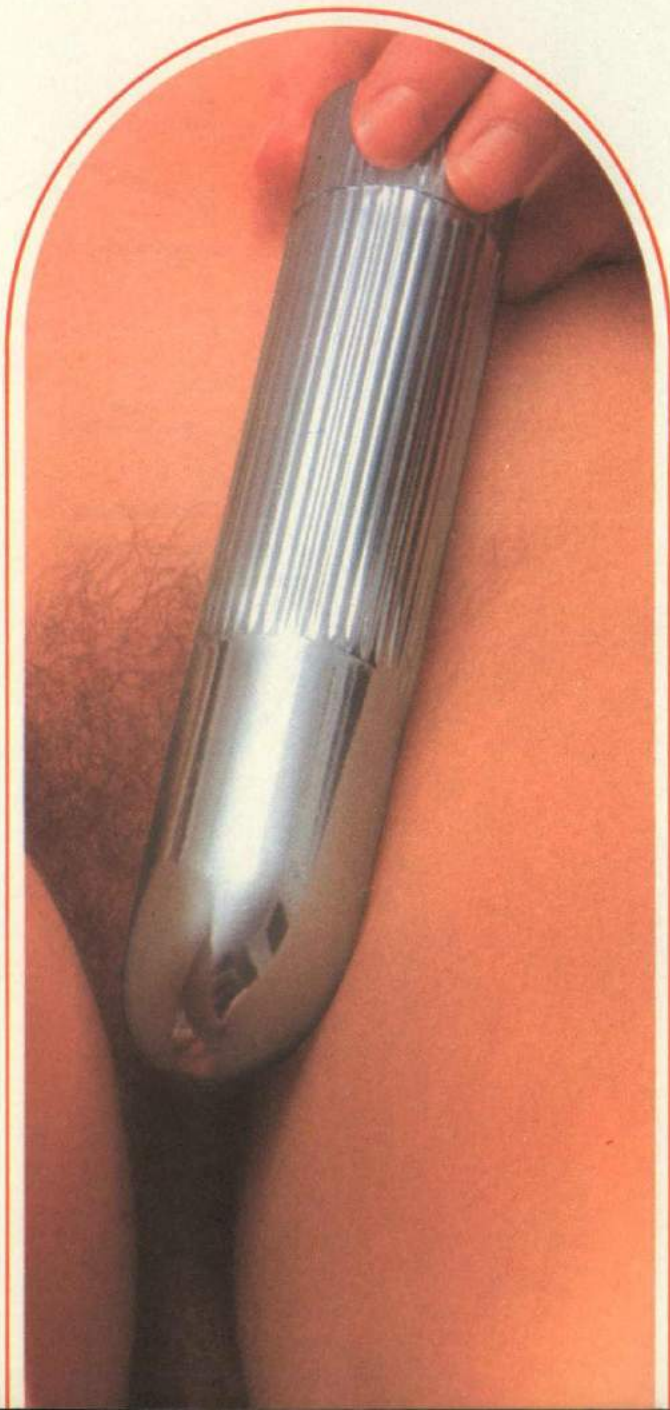
Special effects have also been added to spurt a bit of uniqueness into the item. Ejaculation devices are sometimes included to give the user the feeling of the real thing, various electric hook-ups and vibration techniques lend that shocking excitement that one might be looking for.

An entire array of novelty items, besides dildos may be purchased at most any adult bookstore and various catalog outlets if you are somewhat hesitant about purchasing in person.

Remember when you received a new toy as a kid and the many and varied games you made up to accommodate your pleasure.

Now is the time to return to those childhood fantasies—on an adult level. Buy a new “toy” and let your imagination go wild.

You won't be sorry.





Cindy

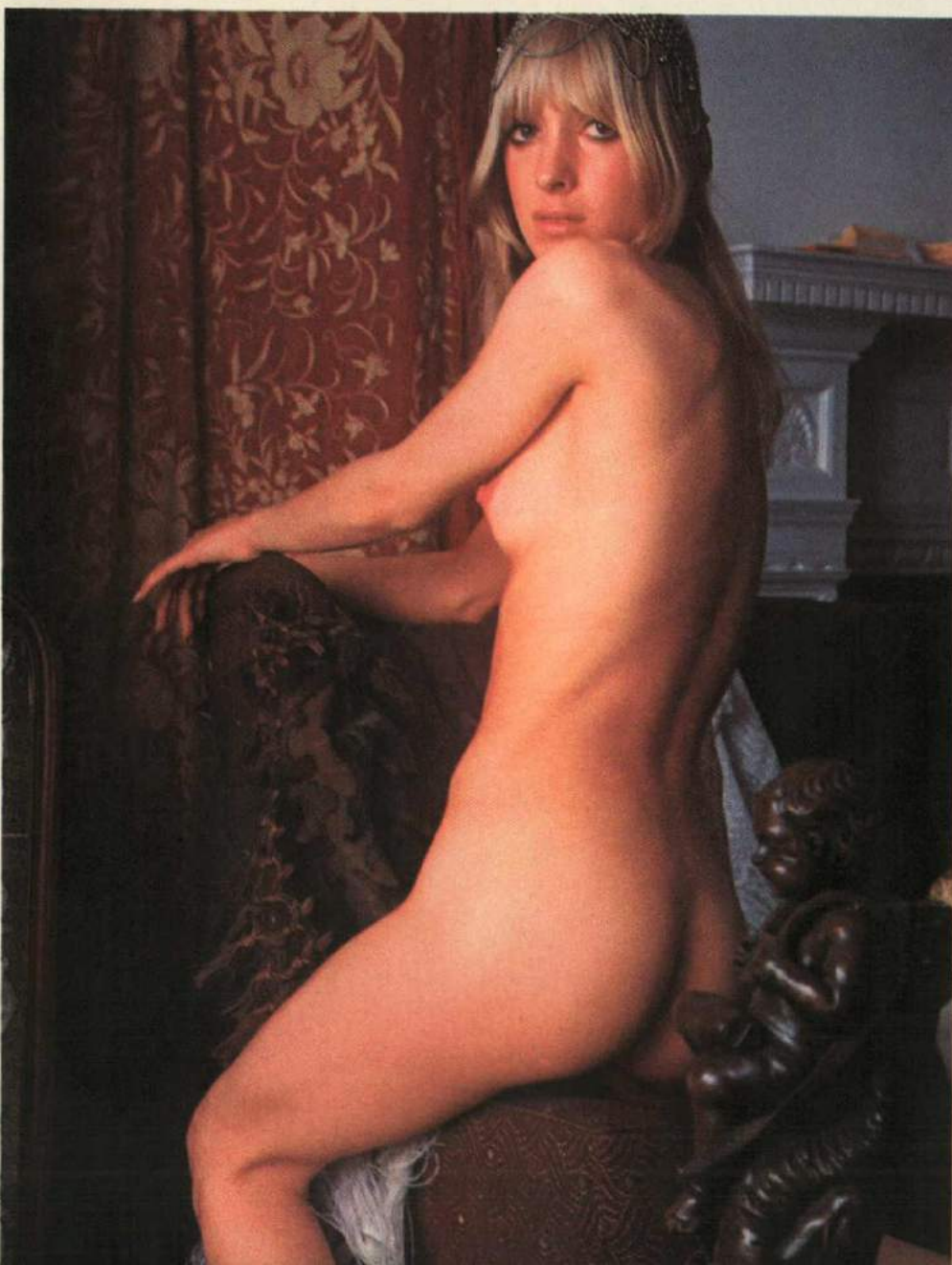




"I'm not inhibited. I truly think it is a waste of time. You can learn so much more if you just forget about the rules that society has placed on our bodies and open your mind to everything. Of course you don't have to accept everything but it never hurts, and sometimes it is a lot more fun than you might think, to at least consider new ideas. There are so many areas of the anatomy to appreciate. Some people go for tits, ass, thighs, legs—all that is ok but I really get turned on by feet. Especially down at the beach, what a gourmet's delight. All of those long, slender toes stretched out in the sun. It's

like walking through a big airport and watching all the different people. I never get tired of looking and comparing and fantasizing. Besides being a means of holding us up, a foot is an excellent instrument for foreplay, afterplay or anytime play. A size 10 or 11 with long skinny toes just makes me feel so good! Long toes are great because they can fit so nicely into all the little cracks and crevices. Having a rather flexible body, sometimes I like to amuse myself by bringing my foot to my snatch and working it around a bit."



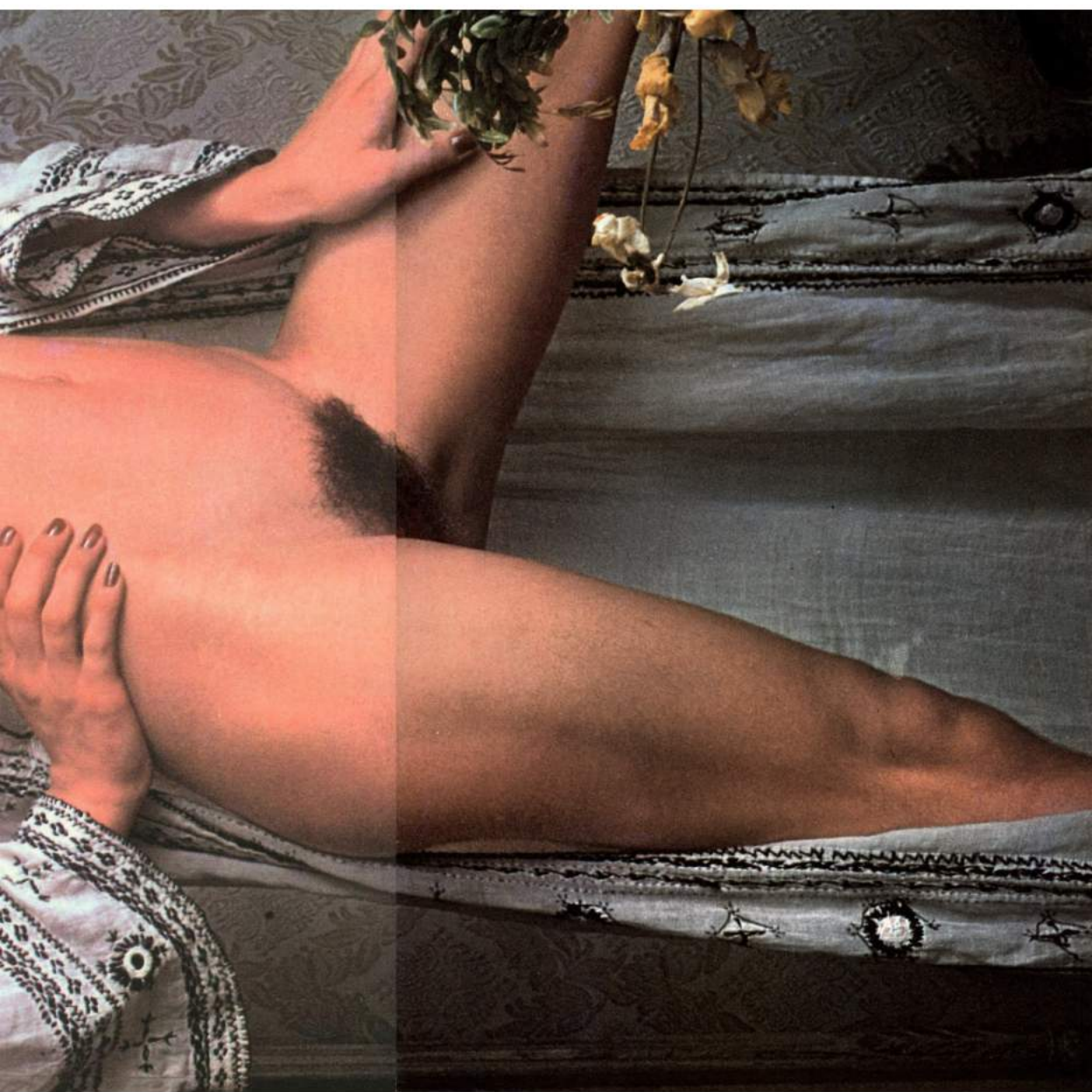


"I have always been very into exercise—it's so healthy for you to take care of your body and keep it in shape. I think biking is the very best exercise and the most delightful way to travel. You get a much better picture of what is surrounding you—trees, grass, buildings, people, streets. People are too busy now a days to slow down and take a good look around at the scenery. Sometimes I bike for hours, always caressing the pedals with my toes. Some girls get off on bicycle seats, rubbing and pushing while the natural vibration of the bike in motion sets off the desired effect for a perfect orgasm. I can appreciate the interest in this but being a foot freak, I take a different approach. I always ride in bare feet, it seems a shame to let a good opportunity for stimulation to go by, and when I have a long stretch where I know I won't have to stop for a while I really concentrate on the pedals—the pressure at the ball of the foot, the slight elevation of the heel letting the blood flow and causing a warm sensation in the toes which are gripping the sides. It doesn't take long before I have to take a rest stop just to regain my composure. I guess everyone has their thing but I really think feet are 'in'."



HUSTLER'S HONEY / SEPTEMBER 1974









hustler humor

A *Chinese voyeur* could be described as a Peking Tom.

The new bank employee in the finance department was dictating to his homely secretary. He paused, uncertain about the proper use of a word in his next sentence. "Do you 'retire a loan'?" he asked the girl. "Not when I can help it," she replied with a smile.

For her first week's salary, the gorgeous new secretary was given an exquisite nightgown of imported lace. The next week, her salary was raised.

The judge looked down at the sweet young thing. "You claim that the defendant stole your money from your stocking?" he asked. "That's right, Your Honor," she answered. "Well, why didn't you resist?" the judge asked. The girl blushed and lowered her eyes. "I didn't know he was after my money."

A table of improper measures I came upon the other day says that it takes two pints to make one cavort.

A showgirl from Las Vegas disappeared last week and hasn't been obscene since.

Wee Willie was walking with Wanda, his new girlfriend, carrying her books home from grammar school. Both were eight years old. "Wanda," said Willie with worshipping gaze, "you are the first girl I have ever loved." "Damn it," said Wanda, "I've drawn another beginner."

A *chaperone* can be defined as one who isn't on the team, but is still in there intercepting passes.

A *bachelor* can be defined as a man who has no children, to speak of.

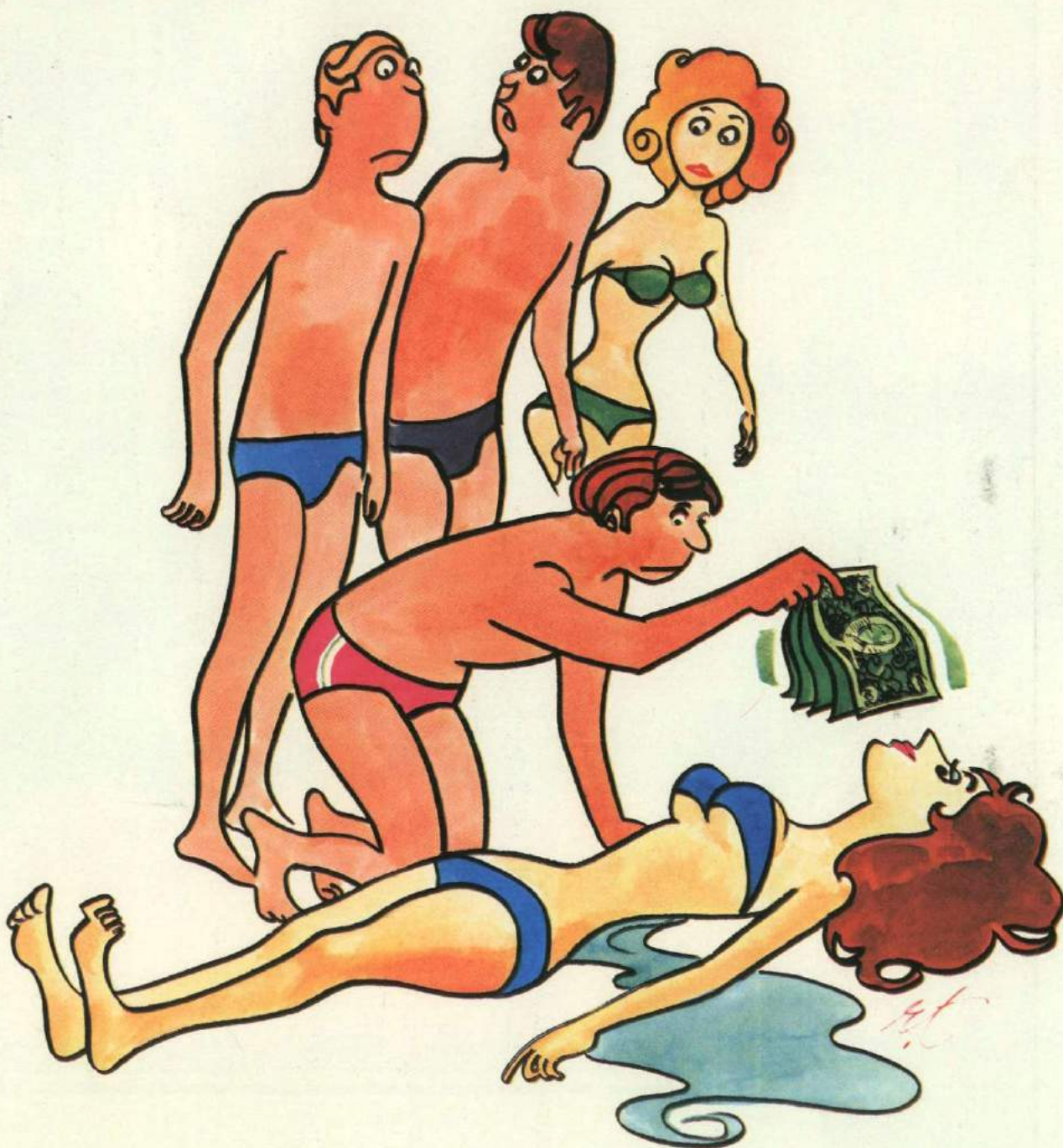
"Get this," the husband chuckled. "That ridiculous janitor of ours claims he's made love to every woman in the building except one." "Hmmmmmm," said the wife, assuming a thoughtful, faraway expression. "Must be that stuck-up Mrs. Frobisher on the fourth floor."

A naive young woman was seated in her doctor's office. "Our tests indicate that you are pregnant and there is every indication that you are going to have twins." "But how can that be, Doctor?" the girl protested. "I've never been out on a double date in my life."

You've all heard about the widow who wears black garters in remembrance of those who have passed beyond.

My in-depth research reveals that in the days of Queen Elizabeth I, some ladies-in-waiting liked to curl up with a good book, while others were satisfied with one of the pages.

Coming home unexpectedly, the husband found his wife in bed with a naked man. He produced a pistol from a dresser drawer and was about to shoot the interloper when his wife pleaded, "Don't! Who do you think bought us that house in the country, and that beautiful Cadillac, and my sable?" "Are you the man?" asked the husband. The naked man nodded. "Then get your clothes on," roared the husband. "You wanna catch cold?"

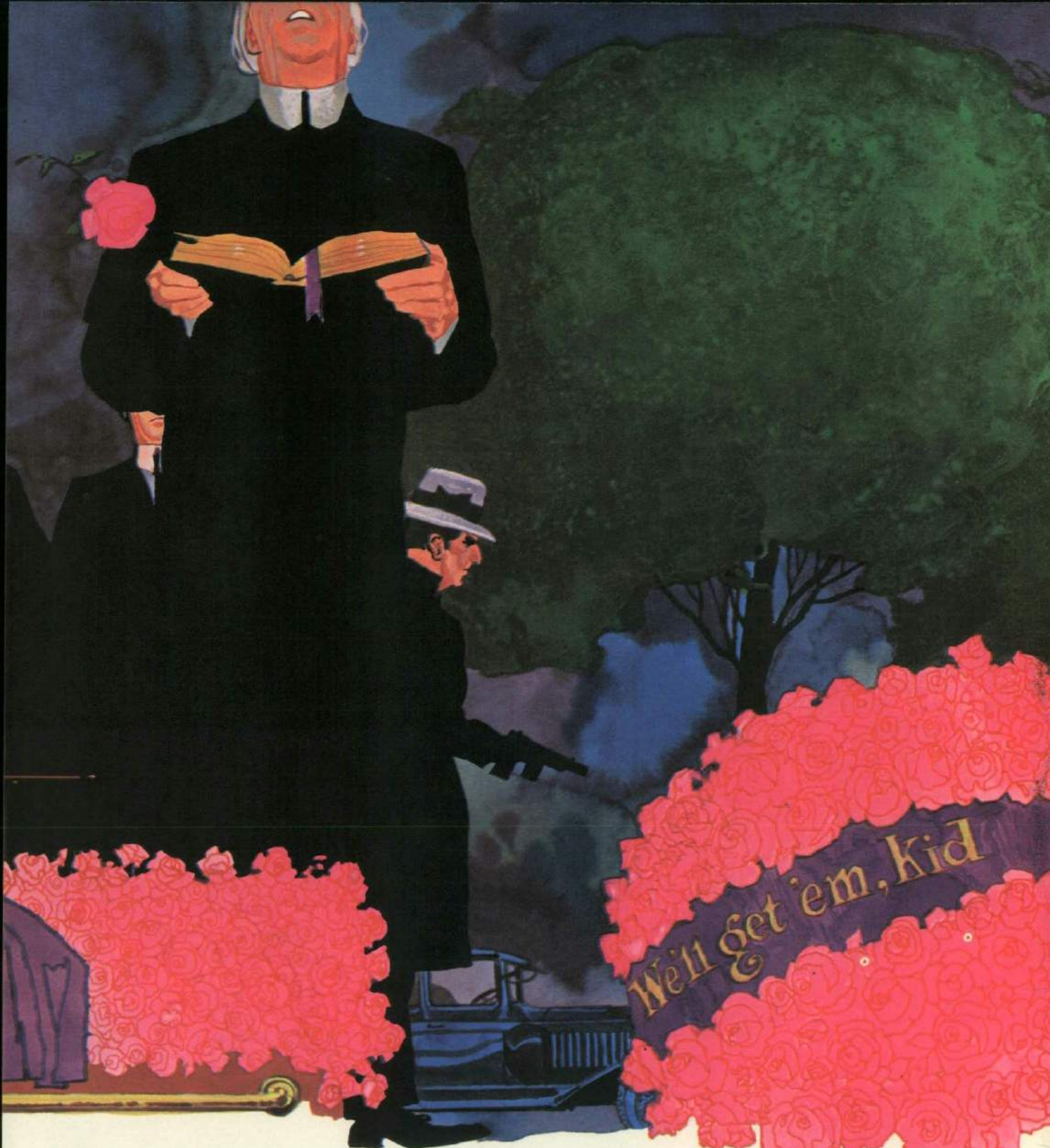


"It's a new improved method of artificial respiration."



Gangsters Had That Special Touch When It Came To Funerals

By Patrick Butler



On the morning of March 24, 1928, 75,000 people jammed the streets of Chicago's "little Italy" as "Diamond Joe" Esposito's mile long cortege wended its way to one of the city's more fashionable cemeteries.

As any man's real friends would do in a time of bereavement, Esposito's grieving associates had helped the family make the final arrangements—complete with police escort, mounds of flowers and a \$10,000 casket.

Three priests conducted a solemn requiem mass in a church packed with some of the city and state's most prominent gangsters and political figures.

Overhead, a chartered plane dropped roses along the processional route despite heavy clouds and drizzle.

Three days before, the popular restaurant owner, racketeer and probably the nation's wealthiest ward committeeman had been gunned down near his home by members of a gang fighting for con-

trol of the city's near west side.

Although at least eight men reportedly paid with their lives for the Esposito assassination, nobody has ever really proven who ordered the murder or even why.

But whoever it was, he or his lieutenants were undoubtedly among the throngs of mourners, for although Chicago hoodlums were sometimes crude and often treacherous, they at least knew how to bury their dead.

The peculiar mores of these 20th cen-

tury robber barons allowed an ambitious racketeer to stop at nothing to protect or enlarge his power base.

If it meant eliminating a rival in a burst of gunfire, then such was life!

But the killer was no gentleman if he failed to show proper respect for the dead by appearing at the victim's funeral or at least sending some suitably lavish floral tributes.

These offbeat yet often strangely appropriate displays of posthumous esteem combined the grandest features of a circus parade, state funeral, flower show and fashion revue.

For the Chicago-style gangland funeral was a social event at least as important to the politicians and hoods of that era as opening night at the opera once was to the culture conscious nouveau riche.

In both cases, anyone who aspired to prominence went—if not out of interest, at least to be seen.

The first of these legendary extravaganzas was held on May 15, 1920, for "Big Jim" Colosimo, an aging syndicate czar allegedly slain on orders from his onetime protege, Al Capone.

Because of Colosimo's divorce and remarriage rather than his ownership of one of the city's biggest brothels, George Cardinal Mundelein refused to allow Catholic burial on consecrated ground, so as a last resort, services were conducted in the panderer's own living room by the Rev. Pasquale de Carol, a Presbyterian minister.

When de Carol finished, First ward alderman "Bath House" John Coughlin—one of the most colorful Chicago politicians of all time—solemnly knelt beside the open casket and led the mourners in the Catholic prayers for the dead.

For the first time, an already widely suspected alliance between top gangsters and many leading politicians had become an openly acknowledged fact of urban life.

Attending Colosimo's funeral along with "Bath House" were many of the city's leading white slavers, thus, thieves, bootleggers and hoodlum organizers, as well as nine other aldermen, three judges, an assistant state's attorney, two congressmen, an Illinois legislator and 5,000 members of the First Ward Democratic Club.

Three years later, Colosimo's obsequies looked like a pauper's burial compared to the rites held for Frank Capone who had been killed in an election day riot.

Al Capone's brother was given a silver plated casket and at least twenty thousand dollars worth of flowers sent by most of the city's top mobsters and politicians.

Saloons and gambling dens in Cicero, headquarters of the Capone gang, remained closed during the two hour funeral as a gesture of respect. Both patrons and employees were made to stand

silently outside until the services were over.

Most of the floral pieces came from the shop owned by Dion O'Banion, the north side's leading bootleg liquor distributor whose only real rivals were Capone and his allies on the city's south and west sides.

Of all people, O'Banion should have been aware of the syndicate's almost perverse love of vengeance for its own sake, since he himself had the same penchant.

Once, when Sam Morton, one of his most trusted lieutenants, was thrown and trampled by a horse he was riding in Lincoln Park, O'Banion had the animal kidnapped and shot on the spot where Morton died.

Morton, a former army officer who had won the Croix de Guerre in France during World War I, was buried with full religious and military honors.

A year later, his friends laid plans for a large public memorial service. Among the participants listed on the event's printed program were a priest, a rabbi, a police captain, an army reserve general and several of the city's biggest vice and gambling moguls. The event was cancelled at the last minute, however.



when the general began having second thoughts about what this kind of involvement might do to his reputation.

With his lucrative connections, the onetime choir boy who reportedly killed 25 men could have become independently wealthy just selling flowers. Unfortunately for O'Banion, he also wanted the liquor business and resisted efforts by some of Capone's henchmen to take over his territory.

Only the influence of hoodlum kingpin Mike Merlo who preferred bargaining to bloodshed kept O'Banion alive in the hope that the feuding gangs might yet reach some kind of settlement.

But on November 8, 1924, Merlo died, leaving Chicago's gang factions on the brink of open warfare. His friends sent over a hundred thousand dollars worth of flowers that not only filled the entire Merlo home, but overflowed to the front lawn.

Undoubtedly the most unusual of these creations was a 12-foot statue of Merlo made entirely of flowers that appeared in the cortege atop the car preceding the hearse.

During preparations for this festive event, O'Banion was shot in his flower shop on orders from Al Capone and the

Genna brothers who decided they could now eliminate the plucky Irishman with total immunity.

O'Banion's funeral, probably the most spectacular ever seen in Chicago, would have done justice to an Egyptian Pharaoh at the height of his power. Nothing since has ever surpassed it, and few who saw it will ever forget it!

A \$10,000 gold, silver and bronze casket was rushed from Philadelphia in a special railroad car.

For three days, O'Banion lay in state at a local mortuary as 40,000 curiosity seekers filed past the body holding a rosary and resting on a marble slab inscribed "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

On the morning of the services, ten thousand spectators jammed the streets near the chapel while five thousand followed the hearse and another five thousand waited at the cemetery.

Detectives and gunmen fraternized rather openly and before entering the funeral parlor, representatives of both the Capone and O'Banion gangs handed their guns to henchmen who returned them at the cemetery as soon as the body was lowered into the ground.

The 500 car cortege included three bands and scores of aldermen, judges and state legislators. The \$50,000 worth of flowers alone filled 25 cars and included some from Capone himself.

A detail of partolmen had to be brought in from suburban Stickney, another syndicate stronghold to serve as police escort, since Chicago's chief Morgan Collins forbade any of his men to take part in the ceremonies.

But nobody complained when the procession brought Loop traffic to a complete standstill for over 20 minutes. Even in those days, funerals weren't allowed to go through the downtown area without a special permit which, of course, was never issued in O'Banion's case.

Although Cardinal Mundelein again refused to allow a requiem mass and burial in a Catholic cemetery, a priest who had known O'Banion since childhood appeared at graveside to recite a few prayers.

The priest apparently was never disciplined, nor did the church take any action when O'Banion's body was reburied four months later less than 80 feet from the mausoleums of three bishops.

But what really shook the cardinal was when Mrs. O'Banion put in a tall granite marker inscribed "My Sweetheart".

It was quickly ordered removed and replaced by a somewhat more conservative stone bearing only the decedent's name.

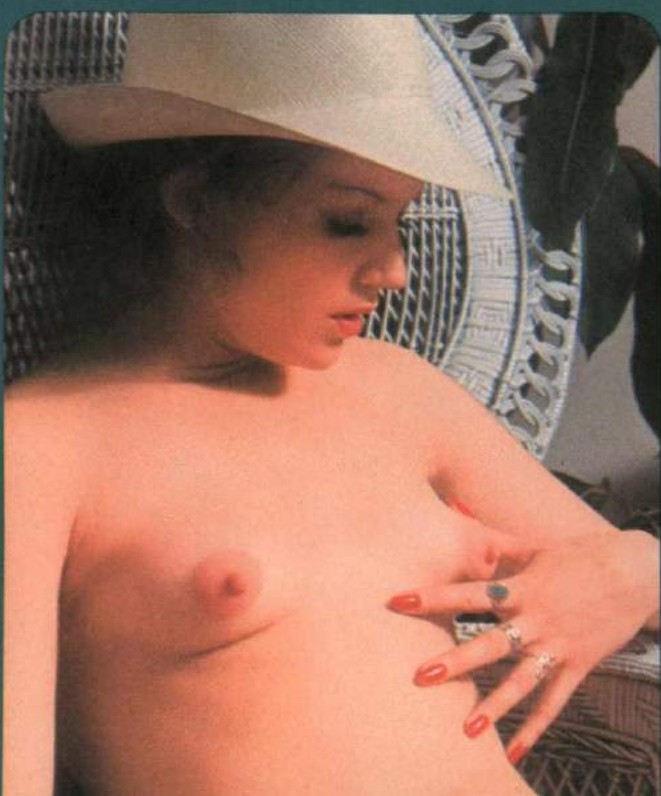
Although the O'Banion obsequies represented the ultimate in garish pomp, it was hardly the last of the zany gangland funerals.

On October 23, 1930, Joseph Aiello,

Continued on page 83

A photograph of a woman with fair skin, wearing a wide-brimmed, light-colored hat. She is sitting in a white wicker chair, looking down. She is unclothed, showing her chest and midsection. Her hands are resting on her lap, adorned with several rings and red nail polish. A decorative white frame with a blue outline contains the word "June" in a black serif font, positioned in the upper left corner of the image.

June



Wherever there was one of so much sex surely you will find Juno. She's fair and lovely and oh so unique!

"You might say that I'm oversexed, I never feel that I've had enough. I was aware of myself at a very early age—I learned where my master switch was and how to use it while other girls older than me were really concerned about kissing on the first date. I couldn't understand why they would go through all that nonsense especially when they liked the guy and wanted to screw him anyway. I started becoming bored with the whole thing around 16 until I discovered there was more to sex than reading dirty books and beating off with anything in sight. I soon found that there was a multitude of different ways and means to derive pleasure—that was a great period in my life because I learned more than some girls learn in their whole lifetime. Everything was going great until one day this guy suggested that I shave my pussy. I thought he was putting me on, figuratively at that point, but I did it anyway. Wow, what a beautiful feeling, like nothing I had ever experienced before. I felt every little move and turn, twist and pull, squeeze and jerk. It was heaven! And with a little original maneuvering with a mirror, I could see everything at point blank range. Hair seems to be a fetish with Americans. The more hair the better it is but being bare isn't all bad. Even when it's growing back in, the stubble against the inside of my panties is an instant turn on or my bald snatch rubbing against the overly abundant, hairy crotch of a guy. It's super!

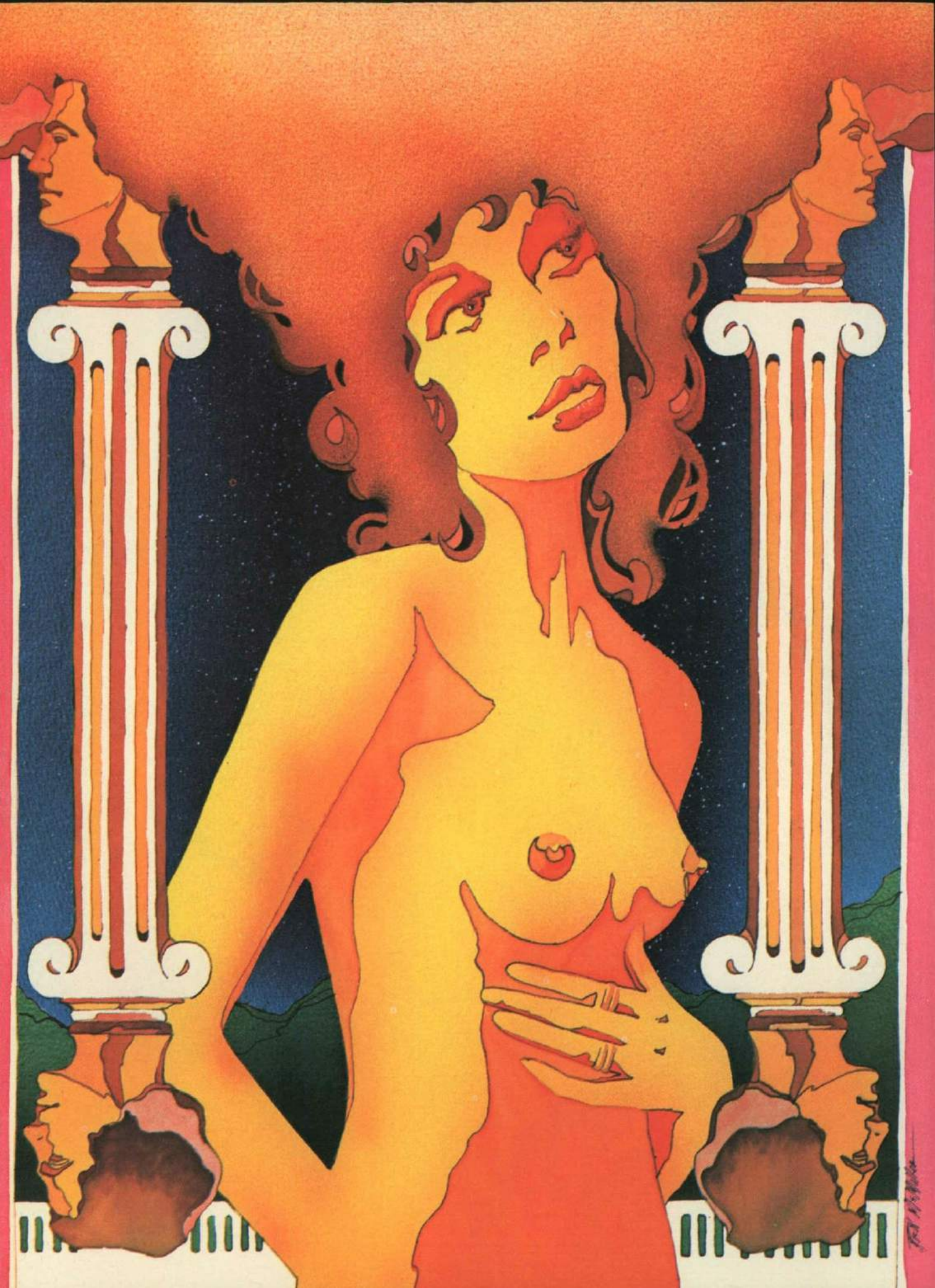
Juno's interests vary from dance, swimming and photography to horse-back riding and sky diving. She is always involved in some type of class in order to "better myself and fill my mind with ideas" and loves to see movies, hitting the premier's if possible, and concerts. She is an all around girl, someone you would like to take home to mother??!!

"I think everyone has hopes, dreams and fantasies—I certainly have my share and maybe more so but I always want to be open-minded and try new and different things and if I like something, do it over and over again. Like sky diving, with the air rushing against my face and ripping through my hair during that short fleeting trip back down to earth. A feeling of freedom engulfs me but to make it more complete I thought would be to dive entirely naked, except for a shute of course. What a sight for anyone looking up from the ground. It would be quite a shot too! Variety is the spice of life and I truly think I have one of the spiciest lives around."









The divine powers of SEX

By Tony Richards

Sex—you are engaged in it almost every second of your existence. It is a source of some of your greatest pleasures and yet the simultaneous source for many of your greatest problems. You can't live without it, but yet do you have even the slightest understanding of what it really is.

For thousands of years mankind has attempted to understand sex. Scientists who have studied the sexual relationship upon every biological level can tell you about, how, when, where, but they are totally unable to tell us why.

Why is the construct of biological species divided into two distinct forms.

From a sociological or psychological standpoint it appears that the only why which might exist is that of problem giving for humankind, for as far as man is a social or psychological animal the sexual construct into two divisions can only provide conflict, antagonism and general chaos. And so it has been left to the ancient science of metaphysics and ontology to provide some of the whys.

Almost every religious school has some creation story which relates man's creation into sexual terms, and in most every instance the answer is that of a punishment or of a testing situation.

Few people would ever disagree that the manifestation of sexual divisions seems like punishment and testing. Happily, most theologies take the question one step further and provide us with the statement that this sexual distinction, while being a nemesis, is also the key to the salvation of our soul—with the single notable exception of Christianity and its offshoots.

And it is this exception of Christianity

which has provided the world with its biggest set of problems in regards to sexual differences. For while Christianity seeks to diminish or ignore sexual differences on an outward scale, its theology throughout the years has become more and more sexually oriented, leaving its adherents in a general state of confusion.

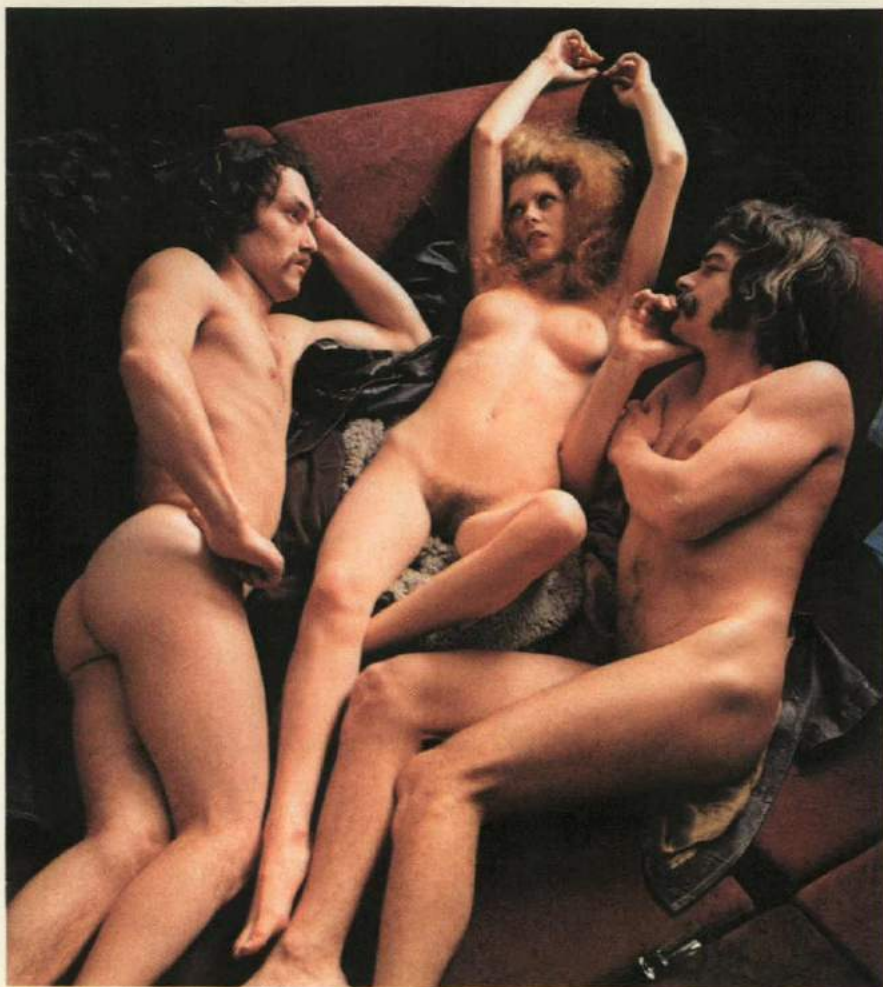
Christianity began during a time when the female was a social non-entity, a possession of the male. Christianity's early adherents were, to phrase it kindly, uneducated and theologically uninformed. Consequently, the founding fathers of Christianity adopted what they knew of women on a social level and integrated it into their new theology.

As they paraphrased the teachings of Jesus they deleted or totally distorted any positive or theologically informative data about the female role in humankind's quest for spiritual perfection. Hence, a totally biased and imbalanced theology took hold. It may be speculated that one of Christianity's strong points for the masses during its first several hundred years of existence, in addition to being an easy road to salvation and every lasting life, was that of giving to many unfulfilled males a sense of self-importance—not unlike the sociological theories put forth for the ingrained prejudice toward blacks on the part of "poor white trash."

One of the points which dearly hurt Christianity in lacking was the role of balance and unity which the female provided for the male and vice versa. It is this point which underlies most other theologies and which is the most prominent feature of any theology which has developed a masterful sys-

Continued on page 83

His Second Skin



It has been a long process in the altering of man's taste for underwear from the fur covering of the Ice Ages to the colorful selections that the fashion design world is now presenting. The underwear of the Middle Ages was without form, completely covering the thigh area and showing unsightly bagginess. This must have been the reason for the then strict custom of performing the wedding right in a darkened room.

In 1555 the Bishop Musculus (??) of Frankfurt, Germany was very much concerned for the dangers lurking inside a man's trousers and he cursed the designers then by proclaiming that, "Our young men have much too large a flap in front, the flap which hides the fire of hell!! This flap is so large that the devil, himself, is sitting inside of it looking out from all sides. He does this for the purpose

of tempting and seducing poor, innocent, young girls."

However, the Bishop overlooked the fact that this dangerous beast of a man was still wearing, under his "big flap", those long, sagging unmentionables. Because of their absurdity, they greatly detracted from the sexual effect which the big flap had caused. For many years to come, man portrayed in his underwear was to serve as the perfect model for caricatures all over the world.

The revolution in the fashion of men's underwear is so dynamic that one can hardly believe that these new designs are *only* underwear. The former "lover killers" are now chic and sexy. They cling to the body like a second skin and the man, when undressed, looks very well-dressed in his bright and brilliant shades and matching patterns.



Right and left: Whether yellow or red, the Jockey-Combination brief and undershirt appears young and sporty. The brief is very comfortable in the seat and crotch and both offer the greatest feeling of comfort in wear. A fine blend of 50% cotton and 50% polyester makes for a light and stretchable fabric as well as a variety of bright colors. Sleeveless shirt is \$4.50, t-shirt with half sleeve is \$6.50 and brief is \$4.75.



Left: Exciting colors and exotic designs is the "Acapulco" brief by Boucanier. The terpal tricot/viscose (??) material content is very soft and comfortable to the skin. A matching t-shirt is also available for \$13.50. The brief is \$7.00.

Right: For men with fantasies, the first striped brief in color by Boucanier. Made of cotton/tergal, the refreshing young colors form a sharp look of harmony. In addition, a t-shirt, which does not bind, is completely invisible when worn under a dress shirt or may be worn by itself in a casual style. About \$11.25.



Left: For the playful man. Swimwear or brief with longer leg in fashionable, brilliant, colors, made of lycra, \$10.00. Right: Brief suitable for fashion, leisure and sports. Designed by Jil and made of lycra, available in eight different colors, \$11.00.

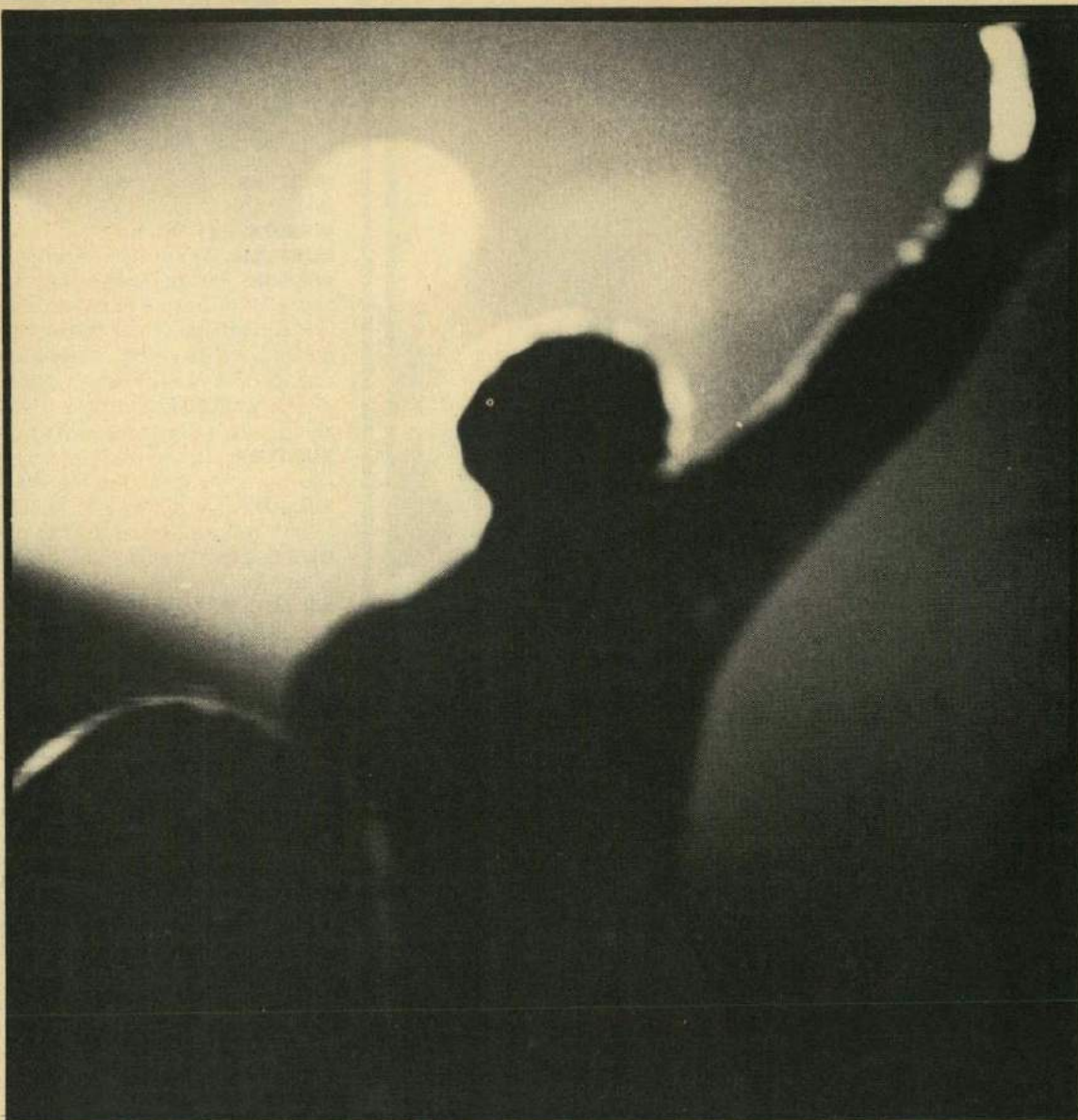
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Jackie Wilson

The interview with Jackie was held at the Inner Circle Nite Club, located at one of the "In" spots of the Queen City, Cincinnati, and a must for visitors. It was a great honor being asked to interview the one and only Jackie Wilson for HUSTLER Magazine.

I was driven down in the Hustler's limousine and, as we entered the Inner Circle, the band was blaring with sounds of today and the 50's. As I looked around, I could see and feel the excitement and enthusiasm in the huge crowd that filled the club.

Just as we sat down, the tempo dropped and one of the band members vociferously spoke through the mike, "And now the *One and Only* Jackie Wilson!" You could feel the instant charisma that he has always been able to inject into a crowd. Jackie ran out looking as good as ever, with that sweet, soft, sexy smile that I remembered so well.

Wearing a dark blue suit trimmed in red, he opened the show with his famed song, "Lonely Tear Drops."

Guest interviewer for Hustler Magazine:
Ms. Liz Evans, Columbus, Ohio

Ms. Evans, Community Relations Director of WTVN Radio in Columbus, Ohio, is the moderator for 2 award winning talk programs aired weekly on WTVN AM & FM.

Liz feels that her work in this area is vitally important in that her programs allow news on controversial issues to be aired that would ordinarily be ignored by the media. When asked if she would rather be doing anything else, she replied "Absolutely not! I love my work and I feel that it's my obligation to listen and respond to my community and when my community responds to me . . . that's the greatest gift in the world."

Jackie Wilson

HUSTLER: Do you think marriage is still relevant?

WILSON: Yes and no.

HUSTLER: Why do you say yes and no?

WILSON: For the simple reason that you find a lot of people today who do not believe in marriage. They believe in living together, but they don't believe in a piece of paper. They say it is old fashioned, and when you stop and think of all the alimonies being paid, I guess they're right.

HUSTLER: Do you feel this is wrong or do you have any feeling in the matter at all?

WILSON: I feel marriage is a necessity, but I don't feel a preacher has to do it.

HUSTLER: What do you look for in a woman?

WILSON: A lover and a friend.

HUSTLER: Are you married?

WILSON: Yes.

HUSTLER: How did you meet your wife?

WILSON: In a night club. She was a waitress.

HUSTLER: Do you have any children?

WILSON: Yes, I do. I have several children. I have been married three times.

HUSTLER: Are you happily married?

WILSON: Yes, very happy, and what makes me happy is the fact that I am a family man. I enjoy the little pleasures of life, like taking my son out for a walk along with his puppy. Sometimes, we go down to the railroad station and do odd things like throwing rocks at the railroad tracks.

HUSTLER: What are your personal feelings about the new liberated woman?

WILSON: Ha!

HUSTLER: A lot of women feel it's the man who needs liberation, because he still has that same old thought of the rules that the woman should follow. What do you feel about these things?

WILSON: I think it's about a 50-50 chance for both of them. If a man wants to be with a lady and she wants to be with him and she wants to carry her own weight, she should be given an opportunity to do it. This I believe.

HUSTLER: What image do you feel you portray to women?

WILSON: Now, this is horrible to say, but probably the boy that doesn't live next door.

HUSTLER: We haven't heard very much of you lately. What have you been doing?

WILSON: Just working, working, working. Actually, I'll be doing a recording session in Chicago in about three months. It will be on a Brunswick label. They used to be a subsidiary of Decca Records but are now an independent label. They also record other artists like Tyrone Davis and Bob Rackman.

HUSTLER: Are you committed to anything else?

WILSON: Yes, I'll be emceeing *In Concert* and the *Midnight Special*. Plus I'll be appearing with Dick Clark at the Las Vegas Hilton-International.

HUSTLER: How do you go about selecting your music?

WILSON: Basically, by having different writers submit material. But, nowadays, you don't have much to say about it. By the time you get to the studio for the session, it's already cut and done.

HUSTLER: Is your career in stages or cycles?

WILSON: Well, it's already been in cycles. Let's put it this way. I'm what you might consider Ole Man River—I just keep rolling along. I don't consider myself going up or down. I just intend to be here.

HUSTLER: Aside from your family, what is the most important thing to you?

WILSON: My career.

HUSTLER: Where do you see it going?

WILSON: Everywhere I haven't been, and that isn't many places.

HUSTLER: If you were doing anything other than what you are now doing, what would you like to be engaged in?

WILSON: Managing a singer. In the near future I intend to record certain people who I think should have been recorded a long time ago. Namely, my sister Joyce Ann. Also, my cousins. They're great. Fact is my whole family sings.

HUSTLER: What are your future plans regarding your career?

WILSON: I intend to branch off into acting, and I think every entertainer should at least try that. It's part of singing, inasmuch as we do sing out words and we act the part too, and if we don't act the part in a show, we look like a robot standing there. So I think acting is my next step.

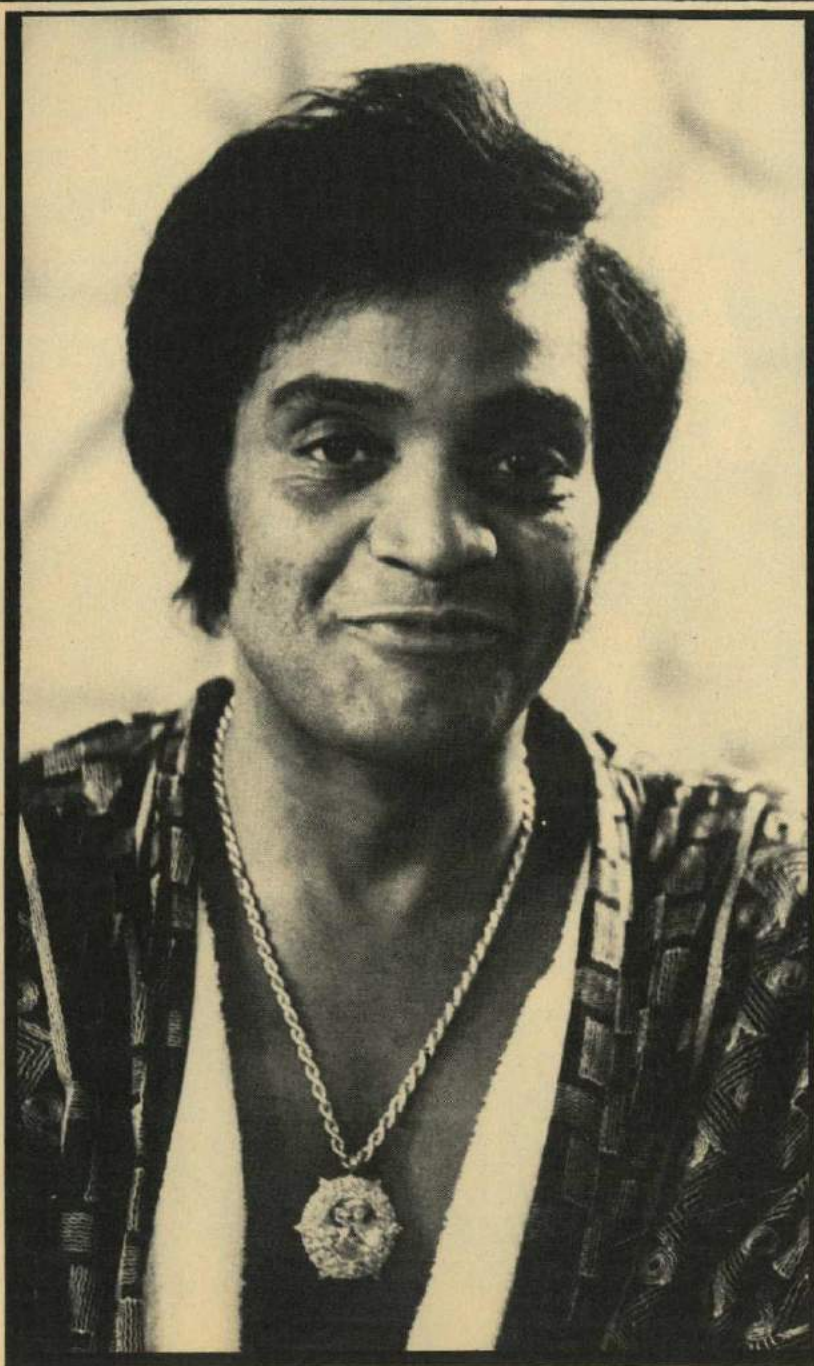
HUSTLER: Do you intend to do any movies?

WILSON: Yes, and in the very near future. There are certain people that I'd like to do a movie with. I hope someday I will do one with Elvis Presley, as people have always considered me the black Elvis Presley and him the white Jackie Wilson. So I think it would be quite a novelty. When it comes to a black person, I'd love to do one with Diana Ross. I saw her in *Lady Sings the Blues* and she is great.

HUSTLER: Who were your favorite artists in the 50's?

WILSON: During the 50's Crusade, as I refer to it, there were so many outstanding acts and so many I knew and so many I know. For instance, the late and great Sam Cooke will always stick out in my mind, as I knew him from childhood. Also, the late and also greats like Clyde McPhatter, Ray Hamilton, and Nat King Cole. To me these were the greats of the world. They could roll on forever and ever. There are so many I'd like to express, like Billie Holiday, Diana Washington. Then there were some kids that came up but never made it, as their lives were snuffed out long before they arrived. For instance, a young man like Jesse Belden and a young lady named Janis Joplin.





HUSTLER: Who was your inspiration in making you want to be a singer when you were a child?

WILSON: A man named Harris. He was the lead singer with a spiritual group called the Soulsters. He also was Sam Cooke's idol. As far as rock and roll singing or pop singing, or whatever you prefer to call it, it was Billy Ward and the Dominoes which featured Clyde McPhatter.

HUSTLER: What type of advice would you give a young singer just starting out?

WILSON: Hang in there man!

HUSTLER: Do you consider hard rock as music?

WILSON: Yes, if not all, some of it will always be here.

HUSTLER: Do you feel that your age will hinder you in returning to the rock scene, or do you feel you'll fit right in?

WILSON: Definitely fit in. With music, there is no age.

HUSTLER: Do you think you will ever achieve that stardom you once had?

WILSON: Yes and no. To achieve the stardom, yes. To have the same momentum, no.

HUSTLER: Of all the songs you have recorded, which was your biggest and your favorite?

WILSON: My biggest was *Lonely Tears*. My favorite was *Dannyboy*.

HUSTLER: What are your feelings about today's music?

WILSON: I think it's far out.

HUSTLER: Do you think a lot of the artists of the 50's will be returning to the scene?

WILSON: If they don't, their songs definitely will return.

HUSTLER: Do you write any of your own songs?

WILSON: I have in the past.

HUSTLER: Have you received much fan mail?

WILSON: Yes, during the time I was doing the *Ed Sullivan Show* and, I also must give credit where credit is due, and that is to the *Dick Clark Show*.

HUSTLER: How about after your recent TV appearances?

WILSON: Definitely after the *Midnight Special* and *In Concert* I was astonished at the amount of fan mail.

HUSTLER: Now that you are on a tour, where have you been?

WILSON: Actually, it's a night club circuit tour. We started in Houston, Texas, then on to Huntsville, Alabama, to Raleigh, North Carolina, to Augusta, Georgia, and then to Las Vegas.

HUSTLER: After you make your record, what are your plans?

WILSON: Just sit back and wait for a hit.


HUSTLER: Have you played any club dates outside the U.S.?

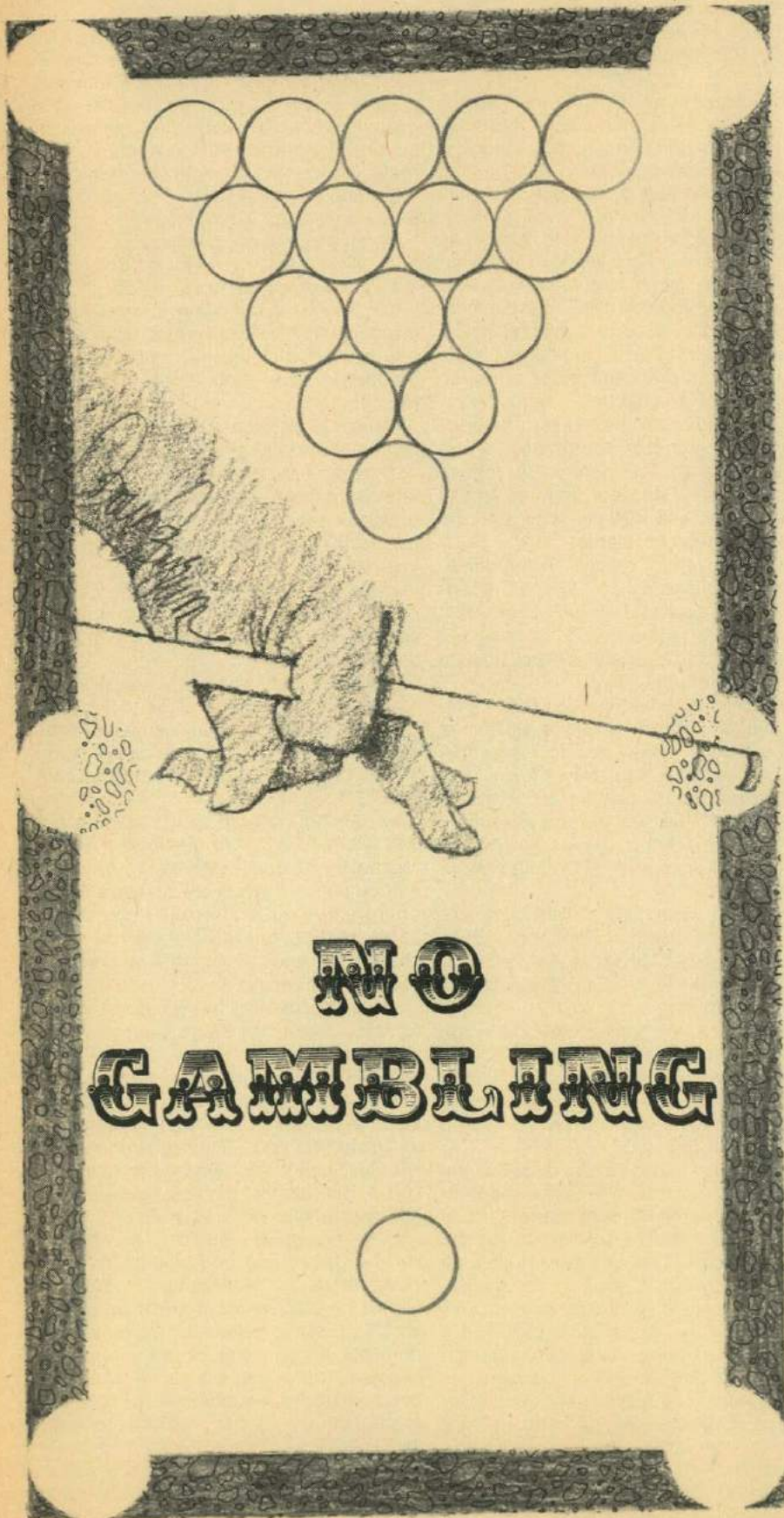
WILSON: I played Europe for about seven or eight weeks. These were one-night concerts. It was fantastic. The crowds were like the 50's there.

HUSTLER: What do you see in the future?

WILSON: I see a whole new world and it looks beautiful.

HUSTLER: What do you owe all this to?

WILSON: Being a damn good hustler. 



What happened to pool's good name?

Stand on any street corner and do a survey. Ask anyone who comes along what they think when they hear the game of pool mentioned.

"Disreputable."

"Undesirable."

"We don't need pool halls in this town."

These are the kind of answers you'll get in spite of the fact that at least 25 million Americans play one or more games of pool every year.

But the tarnished image wasn't always there. In fact, during most of its ancient life, pool was the game of royalty and gentry. The Pharaohs went for it in a big way and the Greeks pondered shots in 400

B.C. Shakespeare himself was an avid player, and mentioned billiards in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Mary, Queen of Scots, spent many a royal hour with the game and Lord Byron often boasted of his prowess with a cue stick.

The first notation of the game in the New World was in 1565, and it found its way into the palaces of the Conquistadors.

Three hundred years later, the game was at its zenith in the United States. But as the turn of the century approached, the game began to pick up the shady reputation it still carries in many minds. It had become a favorite of sharpies, and "friendly games" more often than not, turned into fleecing operations. Front-page coverage was frequently given to after-the-game hassles when the loser often resorted to one method or another to revenge himself. The "sinister, seamy and sordid" pool room picture was emerging in full bloom.

By the time the Twenties arrived, "Billiard Parlors" had long since been re-named "pool halls," and mothers cautioned their teen-age sons to give them wide berth, and girls knew they'd get more than one cat-whistle if they so much as strolled past on the opposite side of the street.

But while the public pool hall was gaining its reputation as a den of iniquity, billiard tables were still to be a center of attraction in the mansions of the wealthy.

While the game has had an occasional resurgence of popularity, it has mostly been in the way of in-home tables. But there are small groups of enthusiasts who champion the cause of the sport. However, those seemingly determined to keep it downgraded, seem to have had the upper hand, at least when it comes to telling their side of the story. Millions, for instance, watched while Paul Newman crawled away from a game in *The Hustler*, and millions of others watched and listened to the fact that "P rhymes with T, and T stands for trouble."

But in spite of the continuous onslaught, groups like the Billiard Congress of America (BCA) and the Professional Billiard Players' Association, both promote tournaments in hopes of reestablishing pool to its former place in the social structure of recreation.

Although the professional and amateur tournaments just don't get much attention as yet in the sports publications and newspapers, the BCA reports that billiard tables for the home are selling at a rate of more than a half-million a year. Although the association is forecasting a 10 to 15 percent increase in the next year, many retailers claim the tide has turned a bit, and that the real peak of recent years was passed a year or so ago, but "business is still very good." Dollar-wise the association reported sales of nearly a quarter-billion dollars worth of tables in 1972.

What will it take to get the game on the track?

"Exposure," according to one of the today's top pros, "Machine Gun" Lou Butera. (Butera earned his nickname through his rapid fire technique).

"We need to get the positive side of things out where the public will see them . . . TV, that's where the exposure is," he said.

No question that the tube has been a driving force behind the almost hysterical golfing mania, the booming resurgence in tennis, and surely it hasn't hurt bowling any. But who's seen a pool tournament on the air?

Following up on his premise, Butera has been busy preparing a weekly series that will bring the game to the millions who rely on television for their entertainment and knowledge of current events. But, it has to be done right, he comments. "*Wide World of Sports* dropped the ball, and even (Minnesota) Fats didn't do it right."

The legendary "Fats," Butera conceded, has probably done more for the game than anyone in history. But legend or not, "Fats" was not immune to the rating sheets and had his show on pool quickly knocked off the air.

There are other "greats" in the game, of course, but who but "Fats" is recognized by the public? Taberski? Greenleaf? Not likely. For some, "Fats" is a bit too fat and brassy, but he's still the game's one big name.

For some, however, Jackie Gleason, no light weight himself, is pool's big image maker. This is largely due to his performance opposite Paul Newman in *The Hustler*, but Butera says he is "without a doubt one of the best celebrity players" there is. "He did most of his own shots in the film and does a lot of playing right in his own home."

"Machine Gun" adds that there are many other stars with tables in their homes and who are well known as keen players. These include Fred Astair, Dean Martin and Frank Sinatra.

Perhaps it is the game's very low image that keeps the table, cue ball and accessory makers so busy, because millions enjoy the game in the privacy of their homes, but don't want to be associated with it in public.

However, in trying to capitalize on the enthusiasm of these millions, more than 2,000 "modern" billiard parlors have sprung up across the country during the past few years. The idea was to provide a place where ladies, even whole families, could come and enjoy the pastime in comfort and safety. But a survey of half a dozen such establishments shows that the lady players are few and far between.

Yet, pool is an excellent game for women. Coordination and fitness, not muscle, are what it takes to be a top player. Nothing illustrates that point as well as the Women's World Champion . . . 13 year old Jeannie Balukas.

The upsurge in home tables probably

is due in a large part to our contemporary life style that's built around at least two leisure days a week, suburbia and family rooms. A pool table can fill many hours of important family togetherness.

And, compared to many other leisure-time items, it's relatively inexpensive. A good table can be had for a few hundred dollars, or you can go all the way to a custom job or a refurbished antique at several thousand. But no matter which route you go, it's cheaper than installing a bowling alley or a super-deep basement to accommodate a basketball court!

In rationalizing the purchase of a table, a lot of men say, "I've got a 10 year old kid who's crazy to have a pool table." What they're really doing is satisfying a desire of their own to have a table in the house. But whatever the motivation, the production lines keep running to satisfy the need.

From a professional standpoint, pool is lagging way behind most other sports.

"Image is the problem," says Butera. The game has the image of mobsters and hoods connected with it. A lot of that is due to the film, *The Hustler* . . . and it's just not true."

He points out that tournament participants even wear tuxedos to spruce up the appearance, but people still think of them as shady figures.

"Of course my name . . . being Italian . . . and a nickname like 'Machine Gun' . . . doesn't help. If it was Irish, everybody would think it's a snappy name, but being a pool player, it's a little bit on the dark side."

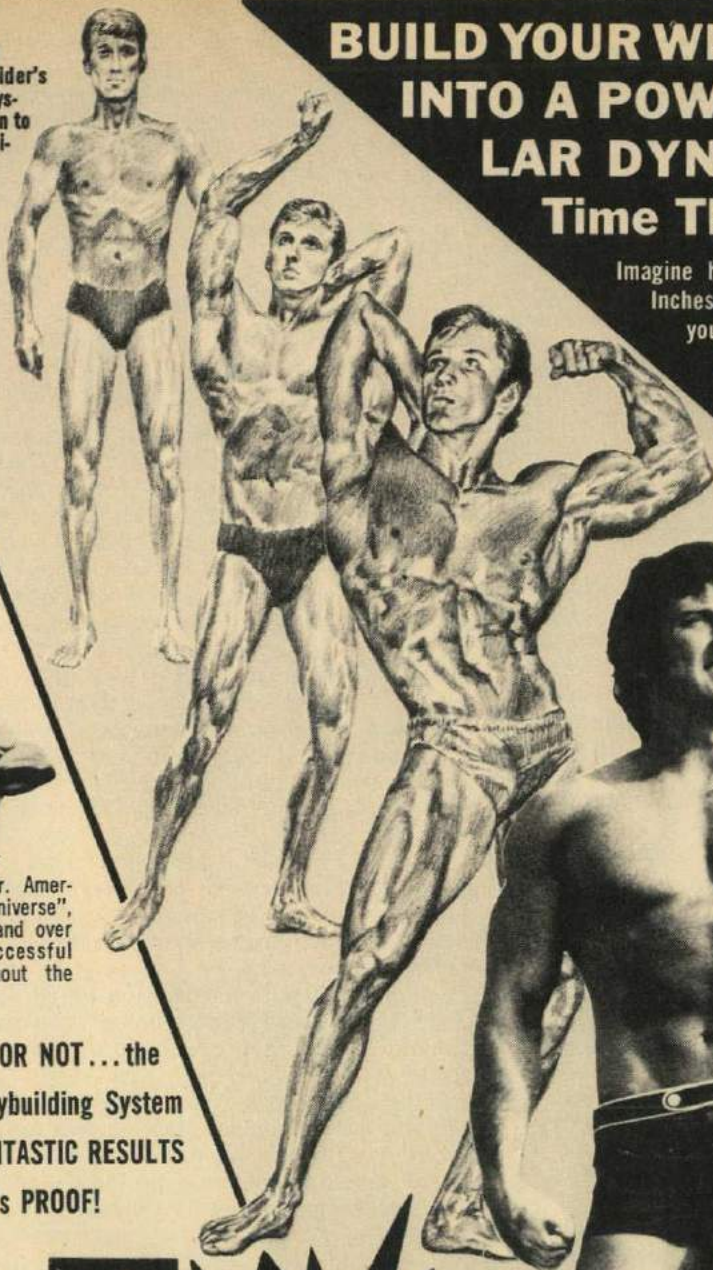
As for that bad old word, "gambling," that sticks to pool like a smear of yellow journalism: close examination of every golf course and every tennis court in the country undoubtedly would turn up the same betting operations that throw a shadow on pool. When there's competition, there's betting.

As far as making the game a magnet for pros, there seems to be one major problem. There is the size of the stakes involved in championship tournaments. When Butera took the World's Championship, he walked off with a purse of \$5,000 to bolster his pride. First prize money of this kind is not very exciting in comparison to the kind of purses involved with golf and tennis.

Even though Butera is a spokesman for the game, and one who abhors the image it has, he tells his kids to tell their friends he is manager of a Brunswick Billiard Table Shop instead of a professional pool player. (He was recently hired by Brunswick as a "representative," and you couldn't ask for a better one, for he's one of the few people that proclaims to really love the game).

While the championship money wasn't a huge sum, it did give him the chance to realize a life-long dream—a pool table all his own at home!

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BOOKS

Continued from page 20

duction to the adventures of Chairman of the Board Darn Coyote.)

Mr. Coyote has spent most of his life trying to synthesize candles and bulbs, sconces and sockets, wax and watts, wicks and switches, and flame and fluorescence—in order, as he himself puts it, “to humanistically regenerate the generator, to take omens out of the ohm.”

In spite of himself, Darn Coyote becomes a multimillionaire whose wife, two mistresses, and Eagle Scout lover (originally from England) are all named Evelyn; an international authority on the reproductive practices of waxbills, wax insects, and waxwings; and the absolute master of three corporations specializing in the designing, manufacturing and distribution of lamp bases in shapes with special appeal to closet pederasts. (On one model, AC/DC 470K, which featured an exquisite porcelain hermaphrodite with sockets in seven places, Chairman Coyote—whose pun, “Please don’t squeeze the Chairman,” always breaks up the most staid board of directors—personally netted over \$70,000.

Darn Coyote’s tragicomic flaw is his secret hobby. He collects jocks—the straps, not the lightweight horsemen.

The bulging and hulking bulk of this book deals with his fierce and gentle genital adventures as he models his jocks in front of every kind of creature, animal, vegetable and mineral, ranging from a eunuch matinee idol to a Tibetan hermit who had worn the same doveskin jock strap for 54 years without ever lowering it below his knees.

Finally, alas, an admirer in Haiti sends Darn Coyote an untreated goatskin masterpiece, trimmed with the finger bones of three generations of witch doctors. From the contaminated codpiece Coyote catches anthrax, and he dies one of the ugliest of deaths; his body, except for his genitals, bloats into one grotesque pustule.

This simple outline of the book’s “plot” fails to suggest its genuine philosophic worth; but timely, worthwhile, and cathartic in the neo-classic sense of the term—*Hamilton’s Lamp* is that, and more.

Misty Patricia Hull has stumbled and fumbled into a significant accomplishment.

As the Hegelian sewage worker remarks to Darn Coyote, “Sometimes you just hold your nose, feel through the stuff, and come up with somebody’s two-carat engagement ring.”

In a completely different world, one’s engagement with Jeff Fields’ *A Cry of Angels* is a multi-carat first-water experience.

Fields (definitely a Mister) triumphs over his own limitations. (For example, he seems to believe that racial prejudice is a hobby of the middle-and-upper-class white segments of American society, and not also of the poor and lower class of minority groups.)

He “preaches” a bit too much, but it is an artist and not a sermonizer who writes sentences like this one:

“Children lay dreaming of leather cowboy suits and dolls that walked and talked and all the beautiful toys that wheeled and flashed, while their mothers filled shoe boxes with fruit and bulk candy and cardboard games, and shame-drunken fathers spat in the grate.”

There, more truly than in the pontificating prose of any sociologist or historian, is the way life was for the poor in Georgia, U. S. A., in the 1950’s.

One must not conclude, however, that *A Cry of Angels* is all grimness, grime and grind. Even the fallen angels laughed once; and all the humors of life, from bile to belly-laugh, flow

as living as blood through the arteries and veins of these superb pages.

The scene in which four deacons try unsuccessfully to baptize by immersion an enormous woman who is hysterically afraid of water is one of the funniest episodes in modern fiction.

Looming over the story like a black cloud of destructive storm or ravaging creature is “Doc” Harley Bobo, a black undertaker who has gradually seized most of the town’s black section, “the Ape Yard,” which he rules with a goon squad of “dog boys.”

The major struggle is between Bobo and Jayell Crooms, a young architect who tries to introduce art into the architecture of scrap lumber and shanties. Crooms wins; and although good does win over evil, in these pages anyway, art triumphs over sermon.

But evil seems definitely to be triumphing over good in another ghettoed world: in the geriatric dumps to which we are consigning our “senile citizens.” From a statistical point of view, we are all doomed to spend the last three years of our lives in nursing homes; and that, by Christ, is a consummation most devoutly *not* to be wished. In *Tender Loving Greed*, Mary Adelaide Mendelson suggests that it would be less of a nightmare to pass those 36 months sitting on the concrete floor of a morgue.

The overwhelming majority of the 200 “homes”—has a word ever been so abused?—she has visited over the last decade are saturated with stench, starvation, stupidity, and sedatives and sedatives and sedatives: a kind of slow-acting euthanasia to produce the Big Sleep, where all is still, save for the crinkle and jingle of cash, pouring into the coffers of owners and real estate speculators and politicians while the old are oozed into their coffins.

The geriatric ghetto is a world of ghouls: nursing home operators continue to collect government money for patients long after those patients have died; and any living patients who complain about the misuse of their checks and funds are declared mentally incompetent.

Kickbacks between nursing home operators and the pharmacist-physician-funeral home-ambulance service quartet swindle patients and taxpayers to the tune of millions of dollars.

There are dozens of other techniques for gouging the helpless and dying demonstrated in these terrifying, disgusting pages. The government, for example, will pay for expensive Brand Name medications; but the patient will be given the cheap generic equivalent, if he is given anything at all. Placebos are used by the ton, but they don’t seem to appear on any invoices.

Miss Mendelson ridicules and explodes the argument that More Money is needed to improve nursing care. No! More supervision of less money is needed.

Well, after this book is read—and it sure as hell should be—, will anything be done?

The answer is clued in a remark the author makes in her text: “We entrusted the protection of people in nursing homes to government, and government also has failed. There is no one to answer for that, except us.”

That “us” includes you.

Once Over Quickly

For a true horror story, for glimpses into an utterly loveless, monstrously cruel world, in which, for instance, an old blind man is trampled while he gropes for a share of putrid meat from a dead hyena, try the paperback *The Mountain People*, by Colin M. Turnbull (Touchstone.\$2.95).

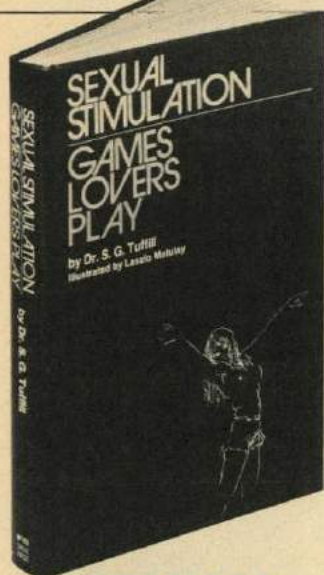
Once Over More Quickly

For insights into nitwittery try *About Harry Towns*, by Sheld—oh, hell, we don’t have time to waste.

—Thane Michael Gower

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Erotic games described by the lovers themselves!

Contributed as letters to a leading magazine devoted to the sexual revolution, these candid revelations are written in down-to-earth language and in unprecedented detail! Not to shock, but to encourage you to freely communicate your own desires to the person you love, sow the seeds of happiness, compassion and understanding, and open up new vistas of sensual delight.

A mini-encyclopedia of diversions, SEXUAL STIMULATION contains:

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- Exquisitely detailed drawings by renowned artist Laszlo Matulay, whose work appears in museums and galleries world-wide.
- Expert guidance by the eminent Dr. S. G. Tuffill, A Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, a physician and specialist in the treatment of infertility and the study of contraception.

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 - exciting games to sexually stimulate both partners using techniques rarely described in manuals...
 - how to introduce spontaneity and imagination into love play...
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 - the use of scents...
 - the truth about aphrodisiacs...
 - the fascination of the breast
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RAY A. KROC

Continued from page 24

low to ask for the order, that is the hardest thing in training a salesman. Then, of course, I don't know where I heard it, I didn't make it up, but the definition of salesmanship is the gentle art of letting the customer have your way.

But there comes a point, at which time you have to ask him to make a decision.

HUSTLER: What else makes a good salesman? What kind of qualities do you think somebody should consider if they

KROC: Well, I think you've got to have a person who has the proper amount of ego to dress in the accepted way so that he doesn't catch the thinking of his prospect by this guy looking at his clothes or his this or that or something that takes away from the attention he is trying to get by what he wants to talk about. I think that's fundamental. And I think the salesman should be a kind of a double. He should learn humility along with an extroverted offensive. The pushy type is not the kind that is going to learn how to make friends and influence people. So he's got to have humility with the secretary and he's got to have good taste and that sort of thing, that's the first steps of getting through the wall, you know. And then, I think that he's got to have a real, real deep faith and belief in what he is offering.

I think that that is the basic fundamentals. I could sell anything that was in food or beverage, because that's the kind of my little niche. And I can romance this. But I would have difficulty, I think, in being a successful coal salesman or things of that nature, you know. And I think this is true of salesmen who are called brokers, selling common stocks. Certain of them take the time and trouble to make studies of certain companies in certain lines of industry and they become extremely well informed on these businesses. And whether it's in the electronic field or whether it's in the automotive field, or what, and they become extremely knowledgeable on the inner workings of the organization and the people at the heads of it. They get to know what motivates those people at the head and how sincere and how dedicated they are, and then it comes down to usually following or believing in the head of it, you know.

HUSTLER: Two points that you are making, it seems to me, from a salesman's point of view is that you've got to have some knowledge of the product you're dealing with and confidence in the company that you're affiliated with.

KROC: That's for sure. You've got to know the product and you've got to know more about the wear-wellness of that because you should be using it. You should be wearing it, so that you are real deep down sold on your own product. Otherwise, you're a con man, you know.

You're a con man, and that's very, very short lived. I think a salesman ought to, go back and close his eyes and go crystal gazing and star dreaming and he ought to say, "If I was a salesman for this shoe company, or selling anything that you can think of, any product under the sun, edible, wearable, whatever it might be, I think I'd do this, I think I'd do that, because I think they're missing a bet here." Unless he is completely satisfied with his development in the business he's in, I would make an appointment to see some top executive, and start with the president. And I would tell him what I'm thinking. "I believe you could do this, or I believe we could do that, and I would do this and I make this adjustment, and I would do that." He might create one devil of a job for himself, but this is all selling, but it's selling with thought behind it. It's imagination, merchandising. The United States of America was made by salesmen: Thomas Edison, Benjamin Franklin, Harvey Firestone, Henry Ford—they are all salesmen. Some of them did some revolutionary things with products, but America was built by salesman, and some of the most important executives in industry were salesmen.

You know, with all the various attitudes and things that you experience, salesmen make lifelong friends out of many, many customers. They meet more people and they have more friends than I think any other group of people. I think it's a happy life, but you know, if a salesman can't make enough income working until four o'clock in the afternoon and then going back to the office and reading his notes, he works until five, six, seven and sometimes he'll work until eight, or nine or ten. The question is not how many hours you work, the question is, what did you get done? And what are the results. That's all. And that's life for all of us. Nobody cares, how, where, you know, all the callouses and problems you had, but, what was the result?

HUSTLER: I notice from some of the things you've said and some of the things on your wall, you talk about persistence, perseverance as being very important.

KROC: Well, I think you've got to persevere. The uneducated man who doesn't have that kind of drive and perseverance is going to outdistance him. This is that tenaciousness of persevering and of course, this is when you're talking about the big pros in golf. Unless they persevere, a guy can't say, "Well, I can hit that ball out three hundred yards any time I want to, but I can't get the ball in the hole." Well, he's not going to score, and if he doesn't score, he isn't going to win any money. And if he doesn't win any money, he's not going to make a living. So he's got to work at approaching that green cup, not just hit for the green, he's got to hit for the cup. And he's got to learn how to putt. But most of us dubs, we can't even learn to keep our heads

down. How are you going to teach a guy to keep his head down? By screaming at him, yelling at him? They've had all kinds of devices, you know, to help to keep the guy hold his head down. And yet, he's so anxious to see that ball, you know, all you gotta do is keep your head down, and if the ball hits the cup you're going to hear that little ping, ping, it's going to hit the bottom of the cup, you know. And then you look up and you don't see the ball anymore. Boy, that's it. But you don't help it—in fact, you hurt it, you see. You've got to get in your mind that line and that distance, and then your reflexes and all these nerve things have got to be centered on this powerful concentration that Ben Hogan had and Bobby Jones had. That powerful concentration. The end result was to get that ball from here over here in that cup and the way to do it, is to get that line so pitched in my mind and to guide that putter on exactly that line so that unless some bird kicks that ball on the way, it gotta go in that cup. So this is perseverance. This is that kind of drive, and whatever you think, if you think the way to get rich is to marry the boss's daughter, then persevere.

HUSTLER: As an early riser, you get a chance to be in contact with your whole range of corporations.

KROC: Right.

HUSTLER: Is there an implication in your early rising that you're not a heavy sleeper? How many hours do you normally get?

KROC: Oh, I get eight hours of sleep. I'm usually in bed by ten o'clock at night and I'm up anytime from six o'clock on. I usually go to bed and hear the news on television and as soon as that's over I might watch ten or fifteen minutes of Johnny Carson if he's got somebody that comes on first, and if not, I'll shut it off and go to sleep. I sleep good. I learned many years ago that it makes no sense to take your troubles to bed. You can't conquer anybody in the bed, you know, and I'm leaving sex out of this. But from a business standpoint, you can't solve any problems. You've been up a long time and, you know, now the thing to do is to get in the proper frame of mind. After I have a night's sleep and I shave and shower and gargle and have a glass of orange juice and a cup of coffee, I tell myself that I'm going to beat that son of a gun right down into the ground. Now you're thinking positive and you're gonna fortify yourself to be in shape. But to go to bed and lay and toss and one thing and another and you can't do a damn thing about it until the next morning, and now what shape are you in?

So, mind over matter and a little, maybe this type of religion inside you. You're better off to pray for guidance than you are to lay in bed and whip an adversary that doesn't even know you're fighting him.

Gangster Funerals

Continued from page 160

another of Capone's would-be competitors, was shot 59 times. He was buried wearing his dinner jacket in an \$11,000 casket.

When Hymie Weiss, inventor of the "one way ride", died shortly before a city election, some of the political candidates who attended his funeral decorated their cars with campaign posters.

A few years later, a gunman named Frank Yale, who once said he wanted a funeral at least as fine as Dion O'Banions, was machinegunned on a business trip in Brooklyn.

He didn't rate anywhere near the pomp O'Banion did, but some of his Chicago cronies thoughtfully sent a pillow of red roses emblazoned "We'll get 'em, Kid", a promise they never got around to fulfilling since the man who ordered Yale's execution was none other than Capone himself.

According to noted "gang-buster" Judge John Lyle, the attitude of the church undoubtedly had a lot to do with the gradual demise of the colorful gangland funeral.

Others claim that economy was probably an even bigger reason, what with the spiraling mortality rate among feuding gangsters of that era.

But whatever the reason, gaudy rites for prominent gangland characters began going out of style by the mid-1930's—much to the disappointment of hoodlums, the public, and particularly the florists!



the divine powers of SEX

Continued from page 67

tem of sex magic.

Sex magic is the way out of the chaos. If you believe in a personal God or gods, it is the proof that there exists a concern for mankind's dilemma. The gift of the sympathetic God/gods.

Sex magic appears to be as ageless as the religious quest, but it has also been the most carefully guarded of theological secrets. But it never became as secretive as after Christianity entered politics, for Christians have returned a thousandfold to non-believers the atrocities it endured during its early years.

But today Christianity has declined in its political power and has become so segmented within itself that other forms of religious quest are not only being allowed to co-exist but also find themselves being integrated into Christian structure.

Today most humans are free to once again have the unusual experiences on all levels through sexual union. They have

been freed to experience the overwhelming desire for the union of male and female, and they are re-discovering on a personal level the suggested supernatural qualities which sexual union possesses on an individual and personal level.

The experience that a man in love often behaves in a most insane manner and acts as if possessed by something outside himself is again open. They are comprehending upon an emotional and perhaps psychic level the strange ability which orgasm has to drive all other thoughts from their minds and, in fact, to almost remove them from any consciousness of their specific existence.

It is these experiences which elevated man quests to view the sexual relationship as something almost magical. Man has become free to understand the concept of humankind being two halves attempting to become whole.

This drive to become one is the cause for the uncontrolled desire for sexual relationship, for sexual union restores the first status of oneness.

The earliest developed system for doing this found its origins in the Eastern cultures and became known as Tantrism. How it began is not really known. In fact many Tantric legends say that these teachings came from what is now referred to as 'the cradle of civilization' area, the area from which most religions of the Western world sprang forth.

The female principle is the most important and the most powerful in Tantrism, and it is personified in the goddess Shakti. The consort of Shakti is Shiva. There is a Tantric adage which states, "Shiva without Shakti is a corpse."

All Tantrik writings are veiled through double meanings and can be understood upon many levels. In this fashion they exist for those who have been properly trained, but remain hidden from the uninitiated. The followers of Tantrism consider those religions which put forth their teachings without symbolism as like harlots, who expose their complete selves to anyone, while Tantrism is as a virtuous wife who shows her hidden beauties only unto her rightful husband.

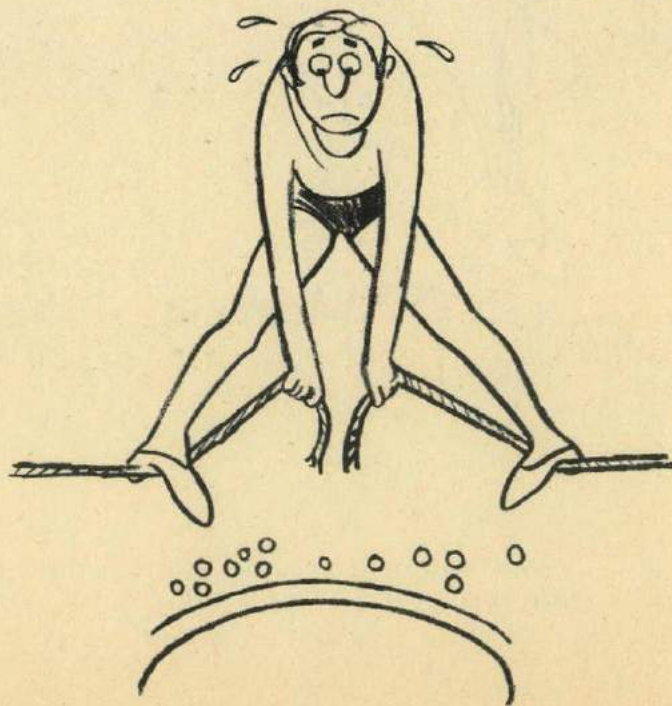
There exists an exacting program of study in which is emphasized mandalas (magic circles), mudras (gestures), mantras (spells), rasavada (internal alchemy), pranayama (breath control), hatha yoga, heliotherapy (gaining energy from the sun), the opening of the chakras (power centers of the body) and the use of ritual tools.

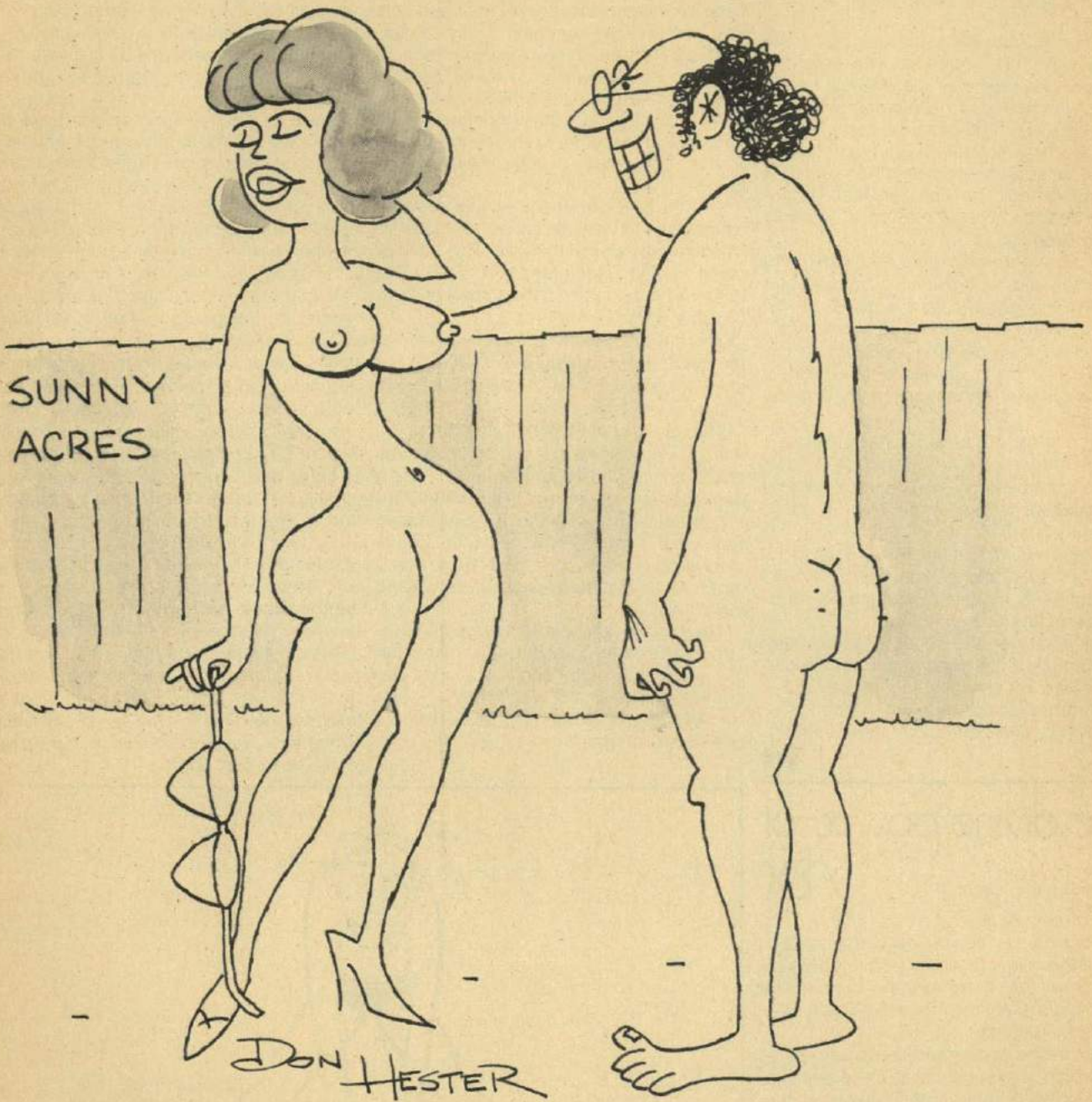
All of these methods and tools are sorely needed for according to Tantrik teaching we are in Kali Yuga or Black Age, a time when traditional virtues are ignored and the material emphasized. Humankind has become animals.

But the Tantrik practitioner is above all of this, for he has mastered the art of turning all these seemingly negative aspects into positive methods for spiritual advancement, and so what is condemned by others is held as sacred for him. What will condemn the masses to hell, insures salvation for him. And so all the taboos like alcohol, red meats, incest and adultery become his doctrine to salvation.

It is most interesting to note that this aspect was picked up by many of the Western occultists, who felt that if this is the case, then the most likely route to salvation will spring forth from the Western cultures, for

Continued on page 87





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Mental foreplay. That absolutely insures that you will never again touch a girl until she is wiggling with anticipation.

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What to do when you first get to her apartment. Which room (and it is not the bedroom) is the most natural and therefore the easiest place to accomplish the first lingering kiss.

If she says no at first, here's exactly what to do. (It may shock her, but she may not let you get up for hours.)

That beautiful, but hazardous moment, when she first commits herself physically to you. How to reward her for it fast, before she has a chance to change her mind.

The number one factor that kills performance the first night. And why it now takes only twenty seconds to prevent...

What To Do Once You've Got Her In Bed, To Keep Her Happily There As Long As You Want

For instance, the act you must force her to perform, within a few weeks after you start to make love to her, or she'll leave you.

What to do with the inexperienced young lady, that you should never do with the experienced.

How to drive her to deeper and deeper climaxes (and more and more of them) by refusing to give her a climax.

How to get her hot as a firecracker... by letting her do all the touching.

How to use afternoon "quickies" to make long evening love twice as rewarding.

When you should forget entirely about satisfying her, and take exactly what you want as quickly as you want it, without her harboring the slightest hostility toward you.

How to prevent her ever from getting familiar, or bored, with your brand of lovemaking.

How to make sure that, if she goes to bed with

someone else, she'll come back to you in a huge hurry.

How to classify women according to their capacity for orgasm. And what you must do with each to retain her.

The almost-universal key to the woman who can achieve climax, but hasn't done so for some time. What you must let her do to you to put her back on the orgasm trail again.

Why it is often what you do after you have finished making love that binds her desperately to you. What to do on those nights that you have been less than perfect for her in bed, that will keep her coming back to you anyway.

Why you must allow her to sometimes give you solitary pleasure, without your responding in the slightest.

How to get her to discuss the most "forbidden" sex acts with you, and thus give her the courage and curiosity to experiment with them.

How To Get Her To Think Of The Right Place For The Affair As Her Own Apartment

How to solve the money problem, without embarrassment or hostility on either of your parts.

How to present your mistress to your friends, so that everyone feels perfectly at ease.

Why wives accept mistresses. (Absolutely vital reading for every married man. But it takes less than one page—109.)

What you must do if a third opportunity presents herself, when you are already involved with both wife and mistress.

How to detect the moment in an affair when the girl turns from loving you to using you. (Get out fast.)

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50 Bond Street, Westbury, N.Y. 11590

the divine powers of SEX

Continued from page 83

they would be freer to practice such methods without hindrance.

One example of this theology being translated into ritual practice is the rite of circle worship, usually held in a special ritual chamber. As the participants enter the chamber, the females deposit their bodices with the priest. And then each male selects a bodice, and whoever owns it will be his partner for the rite, no matter if daughter or mother.

The participants then set themselves in a circle with the female partner seated to the left of her male. The group then partakes of a meal consisting of wine, red meat, fish, and a cereal cake. This is followed by maithuna, or sexual intercourse.

It is through the act of sexual intercourse that man receives his energy, his power, for when sexually excited, a female is thought to release great tides of energy. However, this energy is usually unused and goes to waste for most people.

The sexual energies of females is even more intensified during climax, but a man must beware, for there is another side to this energy coin. Females also literally suck away any of the male's energy during intercourse. And the program of Tantrism teaches man how to simultaneously activate these energies while managing to retain his own and put the female's energies to positive use.

One of the primary tenets is that males must not ejaculate. But this does not mean that he should engage in orgasm. Rather the male must master the techniques of *coitus reservatus* and intrajaculation, or drawing his seminal fluids inward along with those of the female.

During *coitus reservatus* the male simply takes in the energies released each time the female climaxes in orgasm. But the techniques of intrajaculation are by no means as simple.

These techniques are known as a group as the *oli* techniques, variant methods of absorbing the seminal essence following ejaculation, done by muscularizing the urethral tube.

And so it is that man was given the method in one thing which could allow him salvation or damnation. There exists no conflict between the body and spirit, for the body is meant to serve the spirit in its own fashion.

Western sex magic did not appear as a formalized study until this century. Prior to this time there were several individuals who had encountered Tantrism who were working within the system, but none who worked at developing a method which integrated the Western mind-set into this theology.

There did exist within some Western cultures a theology which upon the surface might appear to be some sort of sex magic, such as the practice of the Iroquois Indians' Naked Dance during which a male and fe-

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Don HESTER

"Ralph if you're a real ecologist nows your chance to eat a beaver and save a tree."

male copulated in order to insure the fertility of the fields, but the majority of these practices were simply sympathetic magic fertility acts, and by no means a complete theology.

The most thorough, and perhaps most infamous, effort in Western thought sprang from the mind of Aleister Crowley, who was among the most persistent searchers for ways of man's commanding the unknown powers attributed to gods and demons.

Crowley was one of the most famous of occultists who, by the early part of this century, held high office or training in almost every important esoteric group existant at that time. He had long been searching for a means of utilizing the sexual energies which seemingly went to waste.

He devised a mthod which he called "eroto-comatose lucidity." This sexual trance technique he believed helped him to break down the barriers between the plane of man's existence, and the planes of the gods and demons. It was a simple method in which the individual is led into sexual exhaustion by several people. This process is continued until the individual goes into a state of neither sleeping nor awake.

In this state visions appear and great knowledge and/or control of the forces of the planes becomes possible.

The Western view has predominately been one of placing oneself into the true harmony of the universe, the two parts becoming one, a whole which has contained within it the natural flowing of the universe.

Unlike many of the Eastern aspects, many Western occultists believe that the energies released during the practice of sexual magic can be transformed into material cause and effect.

Crowley devised a concept of 'the magical child', the by-product of a magical sexual union. This magical child was in reality the sum total of the energies created and released during the sex act and a formulation of strong desire and will directed upon a singular purpose. In its own way it could be considered a man-made daemon, at the beck and call of its creator.

In fact, many problems are created when two unknowing people create such a magical child without even realizing what they are doing. Of course, this child will have nowhere near the same power or longevity as that done purposefully, but it is none the less a real entity which must be coped with.

And so Western sex magic has widened the scope of possibilities for sex magic. Sex magic in the Western tradition (if it can be called that for so short a life-span) includes, revelation, enlightenment and physical power.

At this time there is no singular thrust for Western sex magic. It is still within its infancy, and is being explored by hundreds of different methods. The only sure fact in regards to Western sex magic is that it is here to stay and that in all likelihood, the West will be the birthplace of the strongest of all methods.

CINCINNATI

Continued from page 34

out." I later found out that this was not a particularly original thought. I mean, people had thought of it before. Of course.

The Queen City Tour sent me through a very wealthy neighborhood towards Alms Park. Turning a corner, I spied a very old and exclusive-looking boarding school for pre-highschool-age young men. There was a light, misty rain falling, and on the soccer field two teams dressed in red tops and white shorts kicked a ball around. It looked like Exeter. I waited out the rain in Alms Park, watching Lunken Airport get wet.

When it cleared, I continued the tour, going past William Howard Taft's house, the Zoo, and driving through St. Bernard. St. Bernard was started as a Utopian Catholic community, and to this day it is a separate political entity within Cincinnati, with separate police, fire department, and so on. It didn't look particularly Utopian, if you must know.

A while back, a record store where I do a lot of business got in a tremendous shipment of old King records. At the time, the only things I knew about King was that James Brown recorded for it and that it was located in Cincinnati. The more King records I bought, though, the more I became fascinated with them. King was a most unique enterprise, one of which the city has good reason to be proud. Dozens of popular artists had begun their careers there—Steve Lawrence, Trini Lopez, Hank Locklin, Ferlin Huskey, Otis Redding, the Platters—and others, like Little Willie John, Hank Ballard and the Midnighters, the Delmore Brothers, the Stanley Brothers, and the 5 Royales, made their names there. Perhaps the most unusual thing about King, in fact, was that the ordinary distinctions that the record business makes between the black and white record-buying markets were blurred incredibly, so that you get an album called *Great Rhythm and Blues Artists Sing the Country Hits*, and you find a straightlaced and traditional bluegrass band like the Stanley Brothers singing Hank Ballard's "Finger Poppin' Time." Ballard, in fact, invented the Twist while he was recording for King.

Syd Nathan was the man behind King, and he was truly an outrageous original. A songwriter was visiting him one day with a record of some of his songs, and Nathan liked what he heard. "The trouble is," he told the man, "that we don't really have any artists who could do them justice." He walked over to the window of his office and looked out at the baseball diamond across Brewster Avenue, where a game had just ended and five black guys were picking up the bases and gloves. Nathan had a flash, and he ran downstairs, the songwriter in tow. Approach-

ing the players, he said, "Any of you boys sing?" "Some. In church, mostly," replied one of them. "Want to make a record?" They looked at each other. "Sure," they said. Nathan took them upstairs and played them the songs. A couple of days' rehearsal, and they went into the studio. One of the songs, "Hearts of Stone," became a million-seller, and thus were born Otis Williams and the Charms. A string of hits followed, but Otis felt his heart was elsewhere, and so it was. Nowadays, he leads a group called Otis Williams and the Midnight Cowboys, and they are the very finest black country and western band in the nation. Quite possibly the only one, in fact.

I finally made it to the King plant in the summer of 1971 to investigate the feasibility of writing a book about the label. The baseball diamond was still there, but the whole area was being torn down for Interstate 71. Upstairs, there was only a secretary on duty, who informed me that King had been sold to Nashville-based Starday Records, and that, in turn, had been sold to Linn Broadcasting. The woman had once been Syd Nathan's secretary, and we sat chatting a while about the old days. "You could say that King was an important stepping-stone for a lot of artists who made their names here and went on to become famous," she said. Everything in the office was being packed up and shipped to Nashville, or else being destroyed. Mostly destroyed. "We had to save Steve Lawrence's old contract, and stuff like that, but we burned all those old photos and so on." I almost went into Nathan's old office to do a Brodie into home plate but I restrained myself, and pretty soon we were joined by a young white kid with a red Afro, who introduced himself as Alan Leeds, James Brown's road manager. Brown had just signed with another label, and was riding high with his hit "Hot Pants."

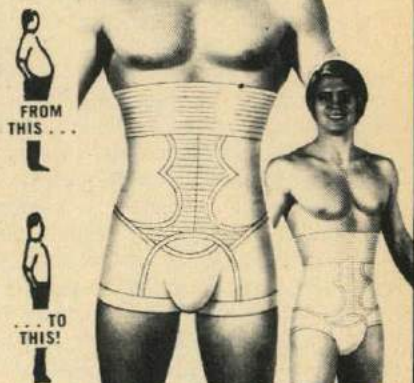
Leeds wanted to talk, and suggested we step next door to James Brown Productions. "Those damn people," he said with a touch of rancor. "They don't know what they've got, and what's worse, they don't care. I've known James for a few years, and I've been trying to write a book about him, but any cooperation I've gotten, I've gotten from James, and not from them." He stepped into his office, and I started to follow when a meaty black hand gripped my shoulder. "Hey," said a voice, "who are you?" "He's cool," Leeds called, and I walked in. A man sat at a desk, counting bills of large denomination. An amazingly beautiful black lady sat watching him. She had an emerald stud in her nose.

Leeds gave me a couple of phone numbers and wished me luck. The next week, he was fired, and James Brown Productions moved to Brown's home town in Georgia. King was then sold to Leiber

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and Stroller, the songwriting team responsible for "Hound Dog" and innumerable '50s classics by the Coasters and many others. I wrote them a letter stating that men with a sense of history like they had might be interested in helping to preserve it, and offered my help in whatever way I could, free. I never heard from them.

"Those jerks aren't interested in preserving anything," says Lou, who manages Jimmie Skinner's Music Center, a superlative country and western record store way across town on Vine Street. Lou is interested in history, though, and his label, Vetco, reissues classic country performances for fans and collectors. Besides Skinner's, Lou manages a blue-grass bar, and is in large part responsible for the continuing vitality of this rather old-fashioned form of country music in Cincinnati. When things are cooking in his bar, hippies and hillbillies (Cincinnati hillbillies, or repatriated Kentuckians, if you prefer, are properly called briarhoppers) rub shoulders and dance peacefully, and you can reportedly even catch blue-grass on the radio in Cincinnati if you know where to listen.

Mount Adams is really a wonderful place. Some people are reminded of England when they look at the 19th century houses with their iron gates and brick courtyards. Me, I'm reminded of Greenwich Village. There is a monastery on top of Mount Adams, a huge rambling ugly thing, and it's for sale, in case you happen to be in the market for a monastery. Cute little boutiques and shops have begun springing up there, perhaps to solidify Mount Adams' reputation as an "artists' colony."

The Greenwich Village feeling is really there in the Epicurean, a wonderful coffee shop on Hatch Street. Zimmerman and I are in there one evening, talking to Pat, who owns it, about Cesar Chavez lettuce strike, which has just come to Cincinnati. Somebody has gotten wind of Pat's ability to speak Spanish, and she is being pressured to take Farm Union materials around to various schools in the area. "But I don't know enough to talk intelligently about it," she protests. "That's okay," the Farm Union representative has said, "we'll tell you what to say."

Pat's a little upset by all this. "I'm in sympathy with them, but I've got so much stuff going already. I've got this place to look after, for one thing." And Pat doesn't just put her heart in the right place, either. She's been doing what she can—her roommate Laura is deeply involved in the strike, and Pat's been helping her—and one wall of the Epicurean is devoted to a strong display of photographs that the Farm Workers have lent her.

Suddenly it occurs to me that this whole scene is a flashback to the early days of the Civil Rights movement. And not only that, but here we are, in a coffeehouse, of all things, talking about something very

much like that old bugbear, Liberal Guilt. The whole thing begins to look so humorous that we laugh and things start falling into perspective. But the coffeehouse ambience lingers, of course. All we need now is a folksinger, I think, looking around at the candles burning down on the tables around us.

The folksingers are a little way down Hatch Street, at the Blind Lemon. The Blind Lemon is a bar that you get to down an alleyway and through a door. Outdoors is a courtyard with a fireplace, and on nights when it's cold enough (and warm enough to be outdoors at all), people gather around it. "I was looking for something to bring people together," says Eddie, the friendly chap who runs the Blind Lemon. He took it over about a year ago, and he has reportedly worked wonders with the shabby joint he inherited. The Blind Lemon is anything but shabby now, though, and it must be one of the friendliest places I've been in the whole state of Ohio, let alone Cincinnati.

Zimmerman and I drift over to the Blind Lemon after we leave the Epicurean, and everybody's inside. The folksingers are over in one corner arguing about Cat Stevens and Neil Young, which reminds me that this is indeed the seventies and not the sixties. It's odd the way some bars invite you, almost, to get into a conversation with somebody, and I should know better, but in almost no time there is a political discussion happening at our table with some guy who works downtown. Political conversations—especially in bars—usually tend to fall into one shade or another of boring, but this guy's not only lucid—he has some things to say. He doesn't seem to fit into any pre-formed political stereotype, and in no time, he has me on my toes, re-examining a lot of my own attitudes.

An hour or so later, Zimmerman and I are headed back home, and I suddenly realize another facet of Cincinnati that I like. It's a friendly town. That almost sounds like a cliché, but it's true. Girls walking alone on the street will actually smile at you if you smile at them and not give you the get-lost-mad-rapist look that I've gotten so accustomed to on the West Coast. Policemen will help you when you're lost, and in general people assume that if you're in a place, you're there because you want to be and so they'll put up with you as long as you don't bother them.

I think that's the key to why the Mount Adams community works so well, why the settled Irish and Italians don't really object to the recent influx of odd types. It's not a Haight-Ashbury us-against-them scene at all. A nice place.

Like I said, I like it.

Not everything is idyllic in Cincinnati, of course. A group of madmen assemble in the Provident Bank Tower under the collective moniker of Citizens For Decent

Literature and conspire to send out mailings of large thick envelopes to people like me. The last mailing I got had a bumper-sticker that said *FIGHT PORNOGRAPHY THE MORAL POLLUTER*. I took the rest of their literature, along with a shredded copy of the latest *Rolling Stone*, and stuffed it into the postpaid envelope they sent. All in all, it weighed over half a pound.

One place not to listen for bluegrass is WUVD. I talked with Jack Reno, who is a disc jockey there, and a recording artist for United Artists Records. "What kind of country music scene is there in Cincinnati?" I asked him. "There ain't much of one," he replied. "How long have you been there?" I asked. "Bout a year," he replied.

Oh, well.

Another not-so-idyllic facet of the town is Procter & Gamble, whose sudsy presence could be tasted in Cincinnati tap water up until recently (and even on occasion now). The P&G plant is a genuine 19th century Citadel Of Industry with genuine 20th century hi-tech add-ons, and much as I'd like to report that P&G is the #1 polluter of the Ohio River at Cincinnati, I'm told that it's nowhere near that. What the hell. They make soap.

One grim 19th century holdover that has a fascination all its own is the Cincinnati Workhouse, which, if I'm not mistaken, was built as temporary quarters for prisoners of war during the Civil War and which has been falling apart ever since. I don't know what feature of the Workhouse is most formidable, the turrets and towers or the flaking whitewash on the outside. A team of state prison inspectors was reportedly nauseated by what they saw there five years ago, yet the Workhouse still stands there next to the highway. Nobody I know who's ever spent time there will discuss it. At all. And I know a few—Cincinnati has never been the safest place to hold an anti-war demonstration.

Even Mount Adams has its share of bringdowns—it's nearly impossible to find a place to park up there, even if you live there, for one thing. Then there are the drunken college frat boys brawling in the streets on Saturday night, obnoxious Jesus freaks, and a "health food store" that seems to sell mostly Coca-Cola and cigarettes.

There is even a coven of black witches. I ran into some of their vibes, at least, when Margaret (who is a white witch) suggested we drop into an occult bookstore. Mostly it looked like an occult bookstore, but something *happened* when we walked in. It was like somebody threw up a screen of tension. And then I walked into the back room and found vestments for sale and an altar. With a human skull on top of it. By now the tension was fairly crackling in the air. Margaret was waiting for some person to arrive at the store and the girl behind the counter kept suggesting places

she go to "check out the energy." Whoever we were waiting for didn't show, and finally we left. When we got back out into the street Margaret gripped my arm so hard I thought my fingernails would turn blue. "Did you feel it?" she asked. Yeah, I felt it. It was getting along towards Halloween. I sure hope she made it through the Scary Season. She may be a witch, but she's young, too. And don't try and convince me that power doesn't corrupt.

"We were very glad to leave Cincinnati."

—Nat Weiss, who toured with the Beatles in 1966

Anderson Ferry runs at night when there is racing at River Downs Racetrack. The night was hot anyway, and I wanted to check it out one more time. For some reason, the Ohio was brown, almost chocolatey. Frogs chirped along the edge. A beer can floated unconcernedly along. Looking towards the city, I could see the neon lights of the marinas advertising Schoenling Beer and Evinrude outboard motors. A group of ducks and geese swam half the width of the river with the boat, waddling up on to the shore along with the cars.

"You can't leave!" Margaret the witch said with a touch of anger. "How can you write anything about this city? You haven't seen anything yet." Like what? "The bars in Newport! You don't understand a thing about the decadence in this city! We gotta take you over to Covington and show you around. How can you leave now?"

"But all that stuff's over in Kentucky—I'm just writing about what's on this side of the river." She has a point, though. Kentucky is definitely where Cincinnatians go to sin. The experience may be invalid, or at very least incomplete, without a visit to the Pink Pussy Cat, for all I know. She was very vehement about it.

"There are people living on houseboats down on the river—I'm sure you'd dig them, and they have something to say, too." They do, I have no doubt. No, unlike the Beatles, who arrived to find no roof over the stage and rain pouring down, and who had to sit in a hotel room for 24 hours while the stupid promoter righted the wrongs, I'm not very glad I'm leaving.

How could I be? She's right—there's a lot left for me to do. There's King's Island, successor to Cincinnati's famed Coney Island amusement park. There is the Delta Queen, the paddlewheel steamboat, the last of its kind still in operation. There are the bluegrass bars, there is the RKO Albee, a huge ornate monstrosity of a movie theatre. I've never seen the Reds play, except on television. I've never heard the Cincinnati Orchestra, except on records. There is a historic produce market. Maybe I should go to the racetrack.

There is the river. I still haven't had my fill of that.

SADO-MASOCHISM

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ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

Continued from page 13



Wayne Newton

place for Italian and it also has American and Continental foods. Excellent service. **La Sala** has good spicy Mexican dishes. For entertainment try one of the big hotels or motels. For a different kind of evening fun take a ride on the 374-foot-long riverboat **Admiral**. Captain Curran Streckful, alternate master of the **Admiral**, says that about \$1,000,000 have been spent on improvements such as new engines and an air-conditioning system. The **Admiral** can take care of 4,400 passengers. Gala moonlight dance cruises are at 9 P.M. Thursday through Sunday. They have live music and dancing. Also look into the **Goldenrod Showboat** on the St. Louis Levee. The jazz festival is in July, but in August things should still be lively in the ship's **Becky Thatcher Bar** and other areas of the ship. The **St. Louis Cardinals** will be at Busch Memorial Stadium. They look good this year.

NEBRASKA

Omaha: This part of the U.S. is pretty dull for gourmet food lovers. The last time I visited Omaha, I couldn't find even half-way decent food. But now *Holiday Magazine* has given its award to the **Orleans Room**. It says that along with Nebraska beef you can have crepes à la reine and sole Marguery. It sounds good.

NEVADA

Las Vegas: The best way to scan the scene at Vegas is to take the action sports alphabetically. **Aldadin's Baghad Theater** is showcasing the new edition of Barry Ashton's "Burlesque '74" on an indefinite basis. **Caesar's Palace** will spotlight **Petula Clark** and **Anthony Newley** from August 1st through the 21st, followed on the 22nd by **Tom Jones** and **David Ballard**. **Wayne Newton** will be at the **Castaways** during August, and the **Circus Circus** will continue its over-head circus acts over the casino and Joe Patterson's "Bot-toms Up '74" in the main arena... a series of "slightly naughty" sketches.

Desert Inn will present **Bobby Gentry** and **Larry Storch** until August 12th, and then bring on **Juliet Prowse** and **Jan Murray** starting on the 13th and running through September 9th. At the **Dunes** is the perennial "Casino de Paris" and **Flamingo** has **Marty Allen** from the 1st of August through the 21st, followed by **Lovelace Watkins** on the 22nd. **Bobby Douglas** stars in "Conspiracy" throughout the summer at the **Four Queens**. At the **Fremont**, "Minsky's '74" is the featured attraction. **Frontier** will present **Phil Harris** from August 21 through the 28 and then will follow up with **Robert Goulet** and **Foster Brooks**. Dates are not yet pinned down at the **Golden Nugget**, but in this order will appear **Wendell Atkins**, **The Brothers**, **Waylen Jennings**, **Larry Trider**, and **The Nonchalants**. **Hacienda** will continue with **Spice on Ice**, while **Holiday Casino** will feature a "top name" yet to be firmed up at this writing. **Landmark** continues its policy of bringing in boys and girls who have not yet made it big, but are definitely on the way to the top. The **Las Vegas Hilton** will spotlight **Tony Bennett** through August 4th, followed by **Johnny Cash** August 5 through 11. Things are "open" until the 19th, when **Elvis Presley** moves in.



Don Rickles

The **MGM Grand** enters August with **Shirley McClain** holding forth until the 6th. Then **Helen Reddy** comes into the spotlight until the 20th. The **Jackson Five** move into the house on the 21st for a three-week stay. **Penny Prior** stars in "Peter Urquidi" in her continuing run at the **Mint**. **Riviera**, at this writing, is booked only through the 13th of August with **Don Rickles**, while the **Sahara** has **Buddy Hackett** through the 5th, followed by **Johnny Carson** and **Phyllis McGuire** from the 6th

through the 19th, and **Jerry Lewis** from the 20th through the 30th in the **Congo Room**. In the **Sahara's Casbar Theatre** will be **Pete Barbutti** until August 21, backed up by the **Drifters** until the 13th. On the 27th **Liz Damon's Oriental Express** moves in to back up **Kay Carole** who arrives on the 19th. **Sands** will hold forth with **Wayne Newton** and **Dave Barry** until September 3rd, and **Silver Slipper** continues with **Bernie Allen**, **Steve Rossi** and the **Red Garter Girls**. At the **Stardust** is **Lido de Paris**, and at the **Thunderbird** you'll find **Tony Martin**, **Cyd Charisse** and **Freddie Roman** until the 14th. They're followed by **Jim Bailey** on the 15th. The **Folies Bergere** continues its indefinite run at the **Tropicana** and the **Union Plaza** will be closing out "Oklahoma!" around August 1st, and while they'll have another show under the lights during August, it hadn't been selected at this writing.

Reno Lake Tahoe: The Circus Room of **John Ascuaga's Nugget** will have **Burl Ives** from July 18 thru Aug. 7, **TBA** from Aug. 8 thru 28, and **The Lennon Sisters** from Aug. 29 thru Sept. 18. With each show will be the amazing elephants, **Bertha** and **Tina** and the **Sam Donahue Orchestra**. At **Harrah's Headliner Room** in Reno, **Paul Anka** and **Kelly Monteith** will arrive on the 1st of August and remains through the 14th. **Tony Bennett** comes in on the 15th and stays through the 4th of September. At **Harrah's South Shore Room** at Lake Tahoe, **Frank Sinatra** is aboard until August 6th. The Room is open until the 21st when **Bob Newhart** arrives and remains until the 3rd of September.

NEW YORK

New York City: New York's so full of good restaurants that there has to be a place to suit everyone. For Italian food we suggest **Giambelli** or **Giambelli 50th**. Specialties are lasagne verde, osso buco Milalese and vitello Franciscano. **Orsini's Cafe** serves fetuccine all 'A'fredo and scampialla Romano. They make their own pasta. **Le Mistral** has delectable French cuisine with melodic sounding names like le cuisseau de veau a l'estragon frais, which is veal with fresh tarragon. **Restaurant Lutec** and **La Grenouille** are rated five star and are tops, but take along plenty of money. Same goes for the **Forum of the Twelve Caesars**, which we highly recommend if you can afford the tab. Getting down to something that's easy on the pocketbook, **Du Midi** is a little intimate French spot with delightful coq au vin. **La Fondue** has a good quiche Lor-

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rairie. For Spanish dishes, the **Spanish pavillion** is tops. The **Lord Derby room** at the **Holiday Inn-Collesium** features Aylesbury duckling flambe, with Bing cherry sauce and brandy. Discotiques and lounges with live music are all around the town. For an evening at the theater, **Scapino**, with Jim Dale seems to be the best bet for comedy. It's a slapstick intrigue of duped fathers, rewarded lovers, and clever servants. It got thirteen favorable reviews and should be around for a while at the **Joseph E. Levine Theatre** on 50th St. For a musical, the choice of the month is **Irene**, with **Jane Powell**, at the **Minsky Theatre** on 45th St. w. Don't forget the excitement at Shea Stadium with the **Yankees** and **Mets**.

Westchester, etc.: Not too many years ago, Westchester County was strictly a rather plush residential area, but now more than one major company has moved into the area with its regional, national or even world headquarters. So, if you find yourself in this delightful near-New York City area, take a look around. If you're there on the 22nd to the 25th of August, maybe you can sneak a few hours for the **Westchester Golf Classic** at the Westchester Country Club, West Course, in Harrison, N.Y. Try **General Lil's Cina Garden** for either lunch or dinner, or **Le Gai Pinguin** (you mean those birds have that sort of problem, too?), for French or American food. Down the road a bit at Greenwich, Connecticut is the **Homestead Inn**. An old Victorian house, no one guest room is the same as another. "Open minded" hosts are Cal Estes and Vincent Morino. Cal handles the organ nightly in the lounge. The place has been an Inn for more than 125 years.

OHIO

Akron: The "Rubber City" isn't looked upon by travelers as one of the "garden spots" of America, but it's sure loaded with great restaurants and "action" spots. **Phil Palumbo's Supper Club** next to Lowe's Theater in Cuyahoga Falls is great for shows and dancing nightly, while **Bavarian Haus** on Market Street is a good spot for authentic German food and gemütlichkeit. No need to mention the great **Tangiers** or **Anthony's** . . . but don't pass 'em by, either. They're worth many a repeat visit. If Italian food is your bag, try **Joe Gareri's** sensational all-you-can-eat Italian Buffet. And, of course, if it's an "action" night you're looking for, with plenty of pretty girls, drop in at the **Akron Hustler**, right in the middle of downtown at 21 S. Main St.

Cincinnati: For decades **Pigall's** has been a "must" stop for lovers of great French food. The same fine tradition of excellence is being continued by its new owner, Donald G. Whittle, who, after 12 years as maitre d'hotel of Cincinnati's other world-famed French restaurant, **Maisonette**, took over the reins following the death of the former owner. Visit either, and experience the finest in continental dining. Jump the river to the **Beverly Hills Supper Club** for entertainment, or stay on the Ohio side and visit the Cincinnati **Hustler Club**, 608 Walnut St., right in the heart of downtown. If you're a music (classical, that is) fan, **Cincinnati's orchestra** is as well known as its restaurants, and during August, they play free concerts every other night from the 2nd through the 10th at the major parks in town. Check out the schedule at your hotel. Check the schedule of the **Cincinnati Reds** at Riverfront Stadium.



Vincent Price

Cleveland: There's something new in Cleveland area entertainment, it's "**The Front Row**." Cleveland's only year-round theatre-in-the-round, it's the spot to catch the biggest names in the entertainment world. Located just south of the city on Wilson Mills Road, the best way to reach it from downtown is via I-90 and I-271. During August there's the **Jackson Five** until the 4th. Then **Danny Thomas** from the 6th through the 11th followed by **Steve Lawrence** and **Eydie Gorme**, the 13th through the 18th. **Don Rickles** comes onto their boards on the 19th and remains through the 25th, and **Dionne Warwick** is the star from the 27th through the 1st (Suggest you phone to check on availability of tickets.) Just east of downtown, try the **Rib Room** of the **Charter House**. Handsome decor, great beef (rooms are really good, too . . . and you're near East Cleveland's industry). Check into the dinner theater at the **Cleveland-**

Sheraton. Nothing firmed up at this writing, but sure to be a great show. Also check out **Masiello's** . . . usually a good group to entertain nightly. For super fun, it's the **Hustler** right off East Ninth on Short Vincent Street. The **Indians** will be in and out of the stadium.

Columbus: Ohio's capital city has more than a strange, un-finished state house going for it. Right in the center of town, at the **Bull n' Bear**, 10 "**Baby Dolls**" will serve you while an exotic act holds forth on the stage. Down on Parsons Avenue, a few minutes from the center of town, at the **Agean Supper Club**, **Schaherazad** performs more-or-less authentic belly dances (classic . . . not the skin-show type). **Scotts Inn** and **Holiday Inn-University**, provide live entertainment, along with **Sadie's Stage Door** at the downtown **Sheraton** (to name just a few). There's good continental food at **Lindenhoff** in German Village, and, if you're in town on a Monday night, be sure to drop into **Max & Erma's**. It's "**Ladies Night**" on Monday, with drinks for the gals at 35¢. This means at least a three-to-one ratio of hers to hims . . . and the joint jumps. **Kenley Players** bring top names and top shows all month long to **Vets Memorial** right downtown, and starting on August 22nd, the country's largest state fair, the **Ohio State Fair**, opens its gates. **Columbus/Springfield Dinner Theater** carries "**Stop The World, I want to get off**" into early August, then presents "**Two For The SeeSaw**" starting August 7th. And don't forget, there are two really great clubs in town, the **Hustler** at 38 West Gay, and the **Whatever's Right** downstairs at 36 West Gay Right in the heart of downtown.

Dayton: Here's a town kind of wedged between its two big neighbors (Dayton chamber of commerce will argue about which is bigger, Columbus or Cincinnati) but it has its share of good eating spots. Among the tops in the entire area is **King Cole** . . . rated with four stars in the Mobil Guide. It boasts a good continental and American menu with specialties including filet de sole Marguery and excellent beef. Nice, perhaps elegant, atmosphere. **Antocoli's** is fine for Italian specialties as well as steak and seafood. For swinging fun, visit **Daddie's Money** across the street from the Sheraton-Biltmore or **Whatever's Right**, just a few blocks from the center of downtown.

Toledo: Toledo's got quite a few things going for it restaurant-wise, including **Tony Packo's** for Hungarian food and the **Roman Gardens**, which is good for steaks and atmosphere. (Even mem-

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

bership in a private sauna club where you can relax while served by toga-clad beauties.) **Mansey's**, probably one of the nation's most uniquely (and most expensively) decorated restaurants, may be re-opened by the time this hits the stands, after a disastrous fire last year. Check 'em out. The **Wittenberg** is a fine try for German (and American) food. And for fun, look into the **Hustler** at 812 Jefferson Ave.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia: The Philadelphia Convention and Visitors Bureau is really trying to promote the city this year and make it into a city for all seasons. The summer fun sounds pretty good so check with the group on their package plans that can save you a lot of money. The address is 1525 John F. Kennedy Blvd., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. Their **Philadelphia Fling** will continue through Labor Day, with a daily program of free fun and entertainment. The **August Festival** features free performances by name entertainers, groups and dance ensembles at Robin Hood Dell. During the **Folk Festival**, pop performers, combos, and folk groups will entertain in the nearby suburbs. There'll be a **Temple University Concert at Ambler** on Aug. 17. A small, but elegant restaurant is **La Panetière**. French cuisine, of course. Two other excellent French dining places are **Le Pavillon**, which has a delightful soufflé Grand Marnier, and **Le Bec Fin** which serves a superb saumon en papillote. For a dinner of delightful pasta or sweetbreads, try **Dante's** and **Luigi's**. Sea food-wise, try **Miles Fisher's** or the **Old Original bookbinders**. At the **Middle East**, belly dancers entertain while you dine. The **Philadelphia Phillies** will be at Veterans Stadium.

Pittsburgh: If you love French food, we recommend you dine at **Le Mont**. One of its specialties is Côte d'Azur poulet en casserole, which is a dish of Mediterranean style chicken. **Ernie's Esquire** has a smorgasbord on Tues. and seafood on Friday. It also has exciting Greek dishes. **The Edge** restaurant, on top of Mt. Washington, is an elegant dining place with a panoramic view of the city. For an extensive buffet, look into the **Horn of Plenty**. You won't go hungry. There's live entertainment in the **Battery Bar** of the **Carlton House Hotel**. Theater wise, the **Civic Light Opera** will be at Heinz Hall. They present "The Student Prince," from July 30 to Aug. 4, "Gigi" from Aug. 6 to 11, "The King and I" from Aug. 13 to Aug. 18, and the Philippine Folkloric

Dance Festival, **Filipinescas**, will be on Aug. 23 and 24. Don't forget the **Pittsburgh Pirates** at Three Rivers Stadium.

TEXAS

Dallas: Whatever your favorite food is, you'll be sure to find it in Dallas. If you're on your way down to old Mexico and want to hurry up a south-of-the border mood, you have a choice of **Casa Dominguez**, **El Chici** and **El Fenix**. For a juicy Texan beefsteak, the **Glory Hole** is the place where the atmosphere will make it even better. The decor is an old mining shed, complete with equipment and artifacts. For Italian food, **Mario's** has a most elegant decor, and **Il Sorrento** has a fantastico menu selection. I like veal scalopine zingara. Chef Issac Pina cooks both Polynesian and Continental dishes in the **Ports O'Call** restaurant of the **Sheraton-Dallas Hotel**. They have cocktail music and dancing nightly, along with a great view of Dallas. There are top entertainment shows nightly in the **Butcher's Block** at the **Dallas Hyatt House**. Dancing is in the **Touché Lounge**. The **Texas Rangers** will be playing at Arlington Stadium.

Houston: Brennan's Restaurant brings the charm of French and creole cooking to Texas. Reminiscent of the days when wealthy planters had endless hours to spend with their comrades, **Brennan's** has a breakfast that can take four hours to consume. (It sounds like more of a brunch.) **Da Vinci's** has delightful Sicilian dishes. The **Old San Francisco Steak House** has Texan beef with old west atmosphere. A pretty girl swings from the rafters to the tune of a rinky-tink piano. The specialties of the **Penthouse West**, in the **Sheraton Town and Country**, are steak Diane and crêpes Louis. The entertainment there through July until Aug. 5 will be **Charizma**. You'll find other top entertainment at the jazz club, **La Bastille**. The **French Quarter**, in the **Whitehall Hotel** has a lady disk jockey to entertain you. The **Astros** will be playing ball in the Astrodome.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Washington D.C. An evening in the nation's capital can be great fun. First have a gourmet dinner. A fairly new (since 1971) restaurant is **Le Consulat**, in the **Embassy Row Hotel**. The chef is Alsace-born René Decker, who apprenticed in France and Germany. The dinner menu has a choice of about twenty courses and to give you an idea of the price you can have sole meunière for \$6.50 and go up to chateaubriand for two at \$21. A delightful French inn is

Auberge Jacqueline. Just across the river, in Rosslyn, Va. is **Alexander's Three**, atop the **Rosslyn Hotel** with a view of Washington. **Aldo's Rotunda**, on Capital Hill, has dancing nightly, as does the **Embers**, which is a good place for steak and prime ribs. If you're in a Chinese mood, **The Empress** is the place to go. Try the Peking duck. If there are several in the group and you order in advance, the 9 course Mandarin dinner is fantastic. Mexican food lovers should try **El Sombrero**. A fun type restaurant is **Bixby's Warehouse**, an underground restaurant that says it's "slightly naughty, but awfully nice."

WASHINGTON

Seattle: When you're in the Puget Sound area, be sure to try some of the fresh sea food. At **Ivar's Salmon House**, the chinook salmon is prepared in the traditional Indian method. The restaurant is a reproduction of an Indian Long House. Another place where you'll find superbly cooked salmon, and also Dungeness crab, is **Rosellini's Four-10**. One of the most interesting restaurants is the **Snoqualmie Falls Lodge**. We recommend the Sunday brunch. **Canlis Restaurant** is very popular, and there's also the **Marine Room** of the **Olympic Hotel** and the **Picadilly Court**. On the other side of the state is Spokane, where Expo '74 will be in full swing. Dine at the **Black Angus** there.

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee: The beer capital has lots of beer and German food, like sausages and schnitzels and lots else besides. The top of the German dining places is **Karl Ratzch's**. The sauerbraten is out of this world, and dumplings just right. The wine cellar has a big selection to complement the food. **Stouffer's Top of the Marine**, on the 22nd floor of the **Marine Bank Bldg.**, has a nautical decor and succulent seafood. You can choose your lobster. For Athenian food such as shish kebab and saganaki, go to **Kosta's White Manor INN**. **Frenchy's Cafe** is, naturally the place for French cuisine. Try the steak **Tour D'Argent**. For dancing the big motels are the answer. **The Downtowner**, the **Holiday Inn-South** the **Holiday Inn-West** and the **Midway Motor Lodge** are some of them. For drama with your dinner, there's the **Center State Dinner Theater**. **Herb Alpert** will star at the **Wisconsin State Fair** on August 13 and 14. Sports action is the **Milwaukee Brewers** at Milwaukee County Stadium.



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My name is Mike Warren, and I'm happy to say I don't worry about bills anymore. Oh, I used to grind and sweat and swear, too, when the first of the month rolled around . . . let this go another month, pay a little on that. Pay-day was "exchange day." In fact, I was so busy working for everybody else that I never had time to work for myself.

For most of us life is a day-to-day struggle . . . a losing effort to get ahead of car payments, mortgage payments, insurance payments . . . payments for groceries, gas, dry cleaning, tuition, clothing. Payments, payments, payments . . . it goes on and on. Where does it end? Like the Red Queen in *Alice In Wonderland*, the faster we go, the behinder we get!

But, as I say, all that is behind me now. These days I spend my time as I like . . . because I've found the secret of success. What secret, you say? Don't laugh, now . . . I make my money betting on the horses!

I can hear you laughing anyway. Well, go ahead, have a chuckle on me. I don't mind . . . I have my money to console me. More money than I ever saw before. Money to buy what I need . . . and fulfill my family's needs. Money to go where I want. Money to do what I like. And—believe it or not—all my money comes from one place: the Thoroughbred race track.

Yes, friend, I can beat the races. I can go to any race track and pick up what I need—a hundred or a thousand—when ever I need it. Of course, I don't go everyday . . . I don't press. Why take advantage of a good thing? Some days I'd rather work on my sports car, or play tennis, or take my kids to the zoo, or just loaf around the pool. But I could go to the race track every day if I wanted to . . . and, I suspect, win day after day after day. Not bad for a kid with a high school education, eh? This has been going on for over three years now—every since I quit my old job to start living my life the way I want to.

The other day I paid a visit to my local race track to pick up some spare change. I guess I really saw, for the first time, the looks of anguish and despair on the faces of many in the crowd . . . tearing up losing tickets, cursing their luck, getting ready to go back to jobs they hate. It occurred to me that I might be able to help some of those people . . . as well as many who have never been to the races in their lives and don't know the first thing about horses. Besides, I figure I don't even have to go to the race track anymore. All I have to do is put my secrets on paper and sell them for a profit. I reason that people would have to be crazy not to part with a few dollars if I could show them the road to retirement tomorrow . . . with enough money to do what they want. A vacation, new clothes, a car . . . or just do what I do—spend more time with the family and watch the kids grow.

So here goes. I'm going to let you in on the secret of my success: four little "systems" that work at any Thoroughbred flat track in America, under all types of weather conditions, year 'round. You can play one race a day or several . . . win, place, or show . . . bet a little or bet

a lot. These four ingenious systems should provide you with whatever income you desire and are suited to either conservative or maximum style of play.

I call my four little systems *4 For A Fortune*—and I've wrapped them up in an easy-to-read book you can finish in just one evening at home. *4 For A Fortune* tells you everything you need to know to start cashing big at the track. You'll quickly find out why most people beat themselves at the races . . . and why a select few, who use their wits and patience, walk away with the fat money.

Keep in mind that you don't have to know a thing about horse racing in order to reap the rich rewards of these four systems. All you must do is follow some simple rules (strictly!) that will select the eventual winner in most races . . . and put more money in your pockets than you ever dreamed of!

But don't take my word for it. See for yourself. I'll be happy to send you your own copy of *4 For A Fortune*. Just clip and mail the coupon below and enclose \$10. Read *4 For A Fortune* at your leisure . . . then give these four little systems a try. If you aren't well on your way to retirement in just 30 days, let me know . . . I'll return your \$10 immediately, no questions asked.

So if you've ever said to yourself, " . . . tomorrow . . . next week . . . next year . . . as soon as we get caught up . . . " stop dreaming and act now. Why let another day slip by when you could be living the way you'd like to—the way I do.

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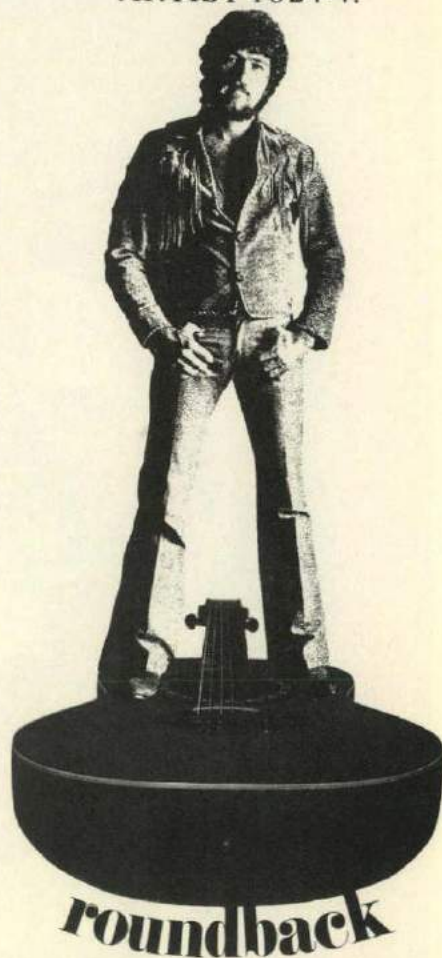


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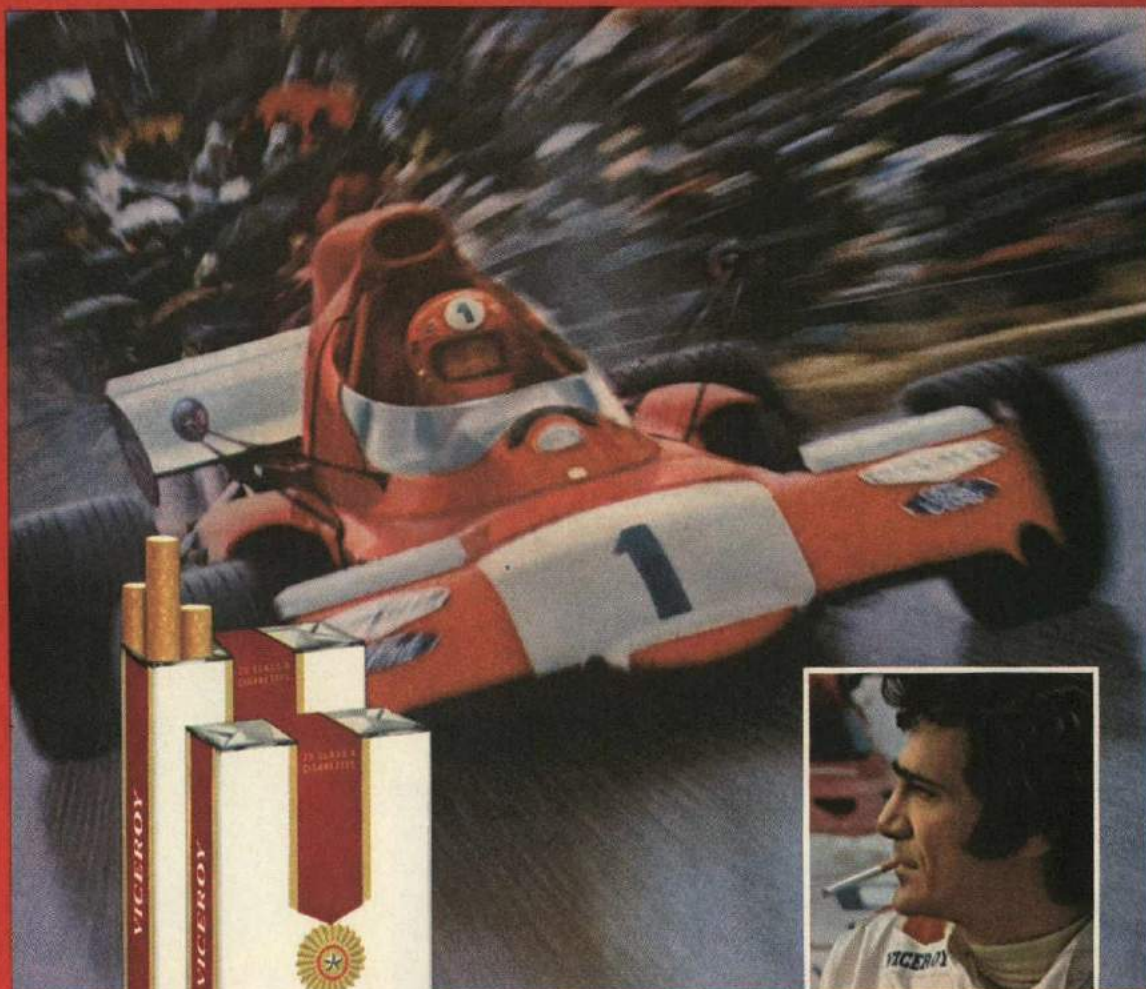
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a Monograph on Rose Wines

The French produce a torrent of rosés, ranging from sweet to dry and quite brisk . . . and from pale, orange-pink color to almost fiery reddish-pink. Perhaps best known are the Anjou rosés from the Loire Valley, but the Burgundian, Rhône and Provence rosés are also thoroughly described by the "Primer," which comments on their distinctive aromas, colors, and tastes.

Less familiar but sure to gain in popularity, according to the "Primer," are the Italian rosés which also range in color from pink to cherry red but are mostly on the dry side . . . indeed, one '70 vintage estate bottling combines low alcohol (11.5%) with a flinty dryness bound to be appreciated on those summer dog days.

The sole African entry, from Morocco, combines a light orange-pink color with a raisiny-sweetness. And, surprise of surprises, the quart-sized Greek rosé (with a history that goes back to Pericles and the Roman emperors) has nothing "resiny" about it at all—on the contrary, we learn that this pink wine has a pleasant aroma, a clean, light body and a balance that delivers a truly dry rosé.

Finally, in reviewing selected California rosés, the "Primer" makes clear that our own vineyards provide a very complete range, essentially divided into four distinctive styles: (1) the generic "vin rosé;" (2) the Gamays; (3) the Grenaches (it was Almaden's Grenache Rosé that started the California varietal wine revolution); and (4) the "district" rosés (à la Christian Brothers' Napa Rosé). While Gallo and Italian Swiss Colony lead the parade with vin rosés at a little over a dollar a bottle . . . most of the "premium" Gamays, Grenaches and district rosés (including vintage bottlings) fall into the \$1.79 to \$2.29 range.

Notwithstanding some of the petty snobbishness which has accompanied the great American wine drinking explosion of recent years, there is no other wine quite as versatile as a rosé . . . delightful with snacks, light summer lunches and picnic spreads—perfect for light summer dinners, indoors or out—easy going as an aperitif . . . and relatively inexpensive and stable in price. True, some other wines share one or another of these qualities but none pleases the eye with the rosés' delicate shades of pink.

These attributes, combined with their simplicity of aroma and taste and their gradations from sweet to flinty dry, may very well be precisely what makes wine snobs deride them. Of course, another source of derision is in the fact that many new wine drinkers find the uncomplicated rosés an "easy way into wine" and a simple all-purpose drink . . . and there's nothing so easy to scoff at as that first "novice" wine you learned with.

"The Rosé Primer" provides an interesting overview of 29 rosés selected from California, Portugal, France, Italy, Morocco and Greece, describing, at the outset (with a cut-away diagram), the vinification of rosé wines from dark-skinned grapes; i.e., as soon as the desired shade of pink coloring has been achieved in the first fermenting vat, the juice is run off to a second vat, to avoid the grape skin tannins' turning the wine red.

Largest selling of the imported rosés is Mateus, in its familiar squat bottle that's been turned into a candle holder in restaurants and homes all over the country. This Portuguese wine, in the same distinctive bottle shape, is now also available in a magnum size which fits conveniently into the refrigerator. Also from Portugal is Lancers, in its familiar crock bottle. Both are light and pleasantly sweet.



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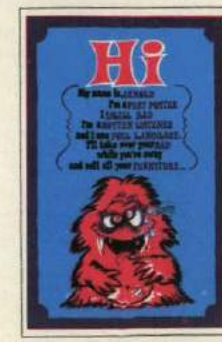
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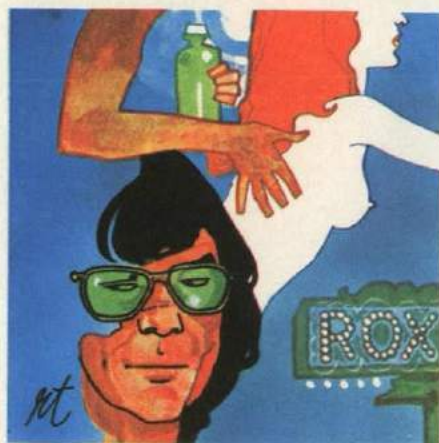
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